

# THE SATURDAY

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## SATURDAY EVENING POST, A FAMILY PAPER.

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state of siege.

Mounted scouts were stationed in the woods  
to the left of the scaffold, and picket guards  
were stationed on towards the Shenandoah  
mountains, in the rear.

The military on the field formed two hollow  
squares. Within the inner one was the scaffold,  
and between the inner and outer line  
citizens were admitted—no one being allowed  
outside of the lines except the mounted  
guards.

At 11 o'clock the prisoner was brought on  
of the jail, accompanied by Sheriff Campbell  
and assistants, and Capt. Avis, the jailer.  
A small wagon, containing a white pine coffin  
was driven up, on which they took a seat.

Six companies of infantry, a rifle company,  
company of horse, and the General and his  
staff, (numbering 25 officers) headed the procession,  
and marched toward the place of execution.

Brown was accompanied by no minister, as  
desired no religious ceremonies either in jail  
or on the scaffold. He looked calm  
around on the people, and was fully possessed  
during the trying occasion. He mounted the  
scaffold with a firm step. His arms were  
pinioned by the sheriff. He bid farewell  
Captain Avis and Sheriff Campbell. At a quarter  
past eleven o'clock the drop of the scaffold  
was pulled, and after a few slight struggles  
John Brown yielded up his spirit.

The body was placed in a coffin, and is now  
on its way to Harper's Ferry, to be delivered  
to the wife, under a strong military escort.

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN BROWN AND HIS WIFE.  
CHARLESTOWN, Dec. 2.—The interview be-  
tween Brown and his wife lasted from 4 o'clock  
in the afternoon until near 8 o'clock in the  
evening, when Gen. Talliferro informed that  
the period allowed them had elapsed.

## THE ALLEN HOUSE;

OR,

TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year  
1859, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the  
District Court for the Eastern District of Penn-  
sylvania.]

### CHAPTER XXIII.

I was shocked and distressed by the painful  
revelation which Mrs. Dewey had made to Con-  
stance. A sadder history in real life I had  
never heard.

A few days after this memorable visit to the  
Allen House, a note was received by my wife,  
containing this single word "come," and signed  
DELLA.

"Any change in the aspect of affairs?" I in-  
quired of Constance on her return.

"Yes, Mrs. Dewey has received notice, in  
due form, of her husband's application for a  
divorce."

"What has she done?"

"Nothing yet. It was to ask my advice as  
to her best course that she sent for me."

"And what advice did you give her?"

"I gave none. First, I must consult you."

"I shook my head and replied,

"It will not do for me to be mixed up in this  
affair, Constance."

Worshipfully she spoke there.

My wife laid her hand upon my arm, and  
looking calmly in my face said,

"The right way is always a safer way."

"Granted."

"It will be right for you to give such advice  
as your judgment dictates, and therefore safe.  
I do not know much about law matters, but it  
occurs to me that her first step should be the  
employment of counsel."

"Is her father going to stand wholly aloof?"

I inquired.

"Yes, if she be resolved to defend herself  
in open court. He will not defend a course  
that involves so much disgrace to herself and  
family."

"Has she shown him the letter you saw?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I think she is afraid to let it go out of her  
hands."

"She might trust it with her father, surely,"  
said I.

"Her father has been very hard with her;  
and seems to take the worst for granted. He  
evidently believes that is in the power of  
Dewey to prove her guilty; and that if she  
makes any opposition his application for a  
divorce he will hold her disgraced before the  
world."

no more judicious friend. If you were a man  
you might conduct the defense for her to a suc-  
cessful issue."

"I am not a man, and, therefore, I come to  
a man," she replied, "and ask the aid of his  
judgment. I go by a very straight road to con-  
clusions; but I want the light of your reason  
upon these conclusions."

"I am not a lawyer as you are aware, Con-  
stance—only a doctor."

"You are a man with a heart and common  
sense," she answered, "with just a little shade  
of rebuke in her tones, 'and as God has put in  
your way a wretched human soul that may be  
lost, unless you stretch forth a saving hand, is  
there any room for question as to duty? There  
is none, my husband! Squire Floyd believes  
his daughter guilty; and while he rests in this  
conclusion, he will not aid her in anything that  
points to exposure and disgrace. She must,  
therefore, if a vigorous defense is undertaken,  
look elsewhere for aid and comfort."

I began to see the matter a little clearer.

"Mr. Wallingford is the best man I know."

"Mr. Wallingford!" I thought Constance  
would have looked me through.

"Mr. Wallingford!" she repeated, still  
gazing steadily into my face. "Are you jest-  
ing?"

"No," I replied, calmly. "In a case that  
involves so much, she wants a wise and good  
defender; and I do not know of any man upon  
whom she could so thoroughly rely."

Constance dropped her eyes to the floor.

"It would not do," she said, after some mo-  
ments.

"Why?"

"Their former relation to each other pre-  
cludes its possibility."

"But, you must remember, Constance, that  
Della never knew how deeply he was once at-  
tached to her."

"She knows that he offered himself."

"And that, in a very short time afterwards,  
he met her with as much apparent indifference  
as if she had never been to him more than a  
pleasant acquaintance. Of the struggle through  
which he passed, in the work of obliterating  
her image from his mind, she knows no-  
thing."

"But he knows it," objected Constance.

"And what does that signify? Will he de-  
fend her less skillfully on this account? Rather  
will he not feel a stronger interest in the  
case?"

"I do not think that she will employ him to  
defend her," said Constance. "I would not  
wore the case mine."

"Womanly pride spoke there, Constance."

"Or rather say a manly lack of perception  
in your case."

"Of the fitness of things," she answered.

"That is just what I do see," I returned.

"There is no man in 8—better fitted for  
conducting this case than Mr. Wallingford."

"She will never place it in his hands; you  
may take a woman's word for that," said my  
wife confidently. "Of all living men he is the  
last one to whom she could talk of the humili-  
ating particulars involved in a case like this."

"Suppose you suggest his name to her."

"Twelve years of such a life as she has led may  
have almost obliterated the memory of that  
passage in her life."

"Don't believe it. A woman never forgets a  
passage like that; particularly when the  
events of every passing day but serve to re-  
mind her of the error she once committed."

"I don't know what else to advise," said I.

"She ought to have a good and discreet man  
to represent her, or all may be lost."

"Would you have any objection to confer  
with Mr. Wallingford on the subject in a pri-  
vate, confidential way?"

"None in the world," I replied.

"Will you see him at once?" The interest  
of Constance was too strongly excited to brook  
delay.

"Granted."

"Yes, immediately."

And putting on my overcoat I went to the  
office of Mr. Wallingford. I found him alone,  
and at once laid the whole case before him—  
relating, particularly, all that had oc-  
curred between my wife and Mrs. Dewey. He  
listened with deep and pitying attention; and  
when I was through expressed his opinion of  
Dewey in very strong language.

"And now what is to be done?" I asked,  
going at once to the vital question.

"Your wife is right," he answered. "I can  
hardly become her advocate. It would involve  
humiliations on her part too deep to be borne.  
But my aid she shall have to the fullest ex-  
tent; and it will be strange if I do not thwart  
this wicked scheme."

"How will you aid her?"

"Through her right attorney, if my advice  
as to the choice be followed. You know James  
Orton?"

"Yes."

"He is a young man to be relied upon. Let  
Mrs. Dewey put the case in his hands. If she  
does so, it will be, virtually, in mine."

"Enough, Mr. Wallingford," said I. "It  
looks more hopeful for our poor unhappy  
friend, against whom even her own flesh and  
blood have turned."

When I gave Constance the result of my in-  
terview with Mr. Wallingford, she was quite  
elated at the prospect of securing his most  
valuable aid for Mrs. Dewey. Orton was  
young, and had been practicing at the bar for  
only a couple of years. Up to this time he  
had not appeared in any case of leading im-  
portance; and had, therefore, no established  
reputation. Our fear was that Mrs. Dewey  
might not be willing to place her case in such

inexperienced hands. In order to have the  
matter settled with as little delay as possible,  
Constance paid an early visit to the Allen  
House, and suggested Mr. Orton as counsel.  
Mrs. Dewey had not even heard his name;  
but, after being assured that I had the fullest  
confidence in him, and particularly advised his  
employment, she consented to accept of his  
services.

Their first interview was arranged to take  
place at my house, and in the presence of my  
wife, when the notice Mrs. Dewey had re-  
ceived on the institution of proceedings, was  
placed in the young lawyer's hands, and some  
conversation had as to the basis and tenor of  
an answer. A second interview took place on  
the day following, at which Mrs. Dewey gave a  
full statement of the affair at Saratoga, and  
asserted her innocence in the most solemn  
and impressive manner. The letter from her  
husband to the lady in New York, was pro-  
duced, and at the request of Mr. Orton, given  
into his possession.

The answer to Mr. Dewey's application for  
a divorce, was drawn up by Mr. Wallingford,  
who entered with great earnestness into the  
matter. It was filed in Court within a week  
after notice of the application was received.  
This was altogether unexpected by the hus-  
band, who, on becoming aware of the fact,  
lost all decent control of himself, and ordered  
his wretched wife to leave his house. This,  
however, she refused to do. Then she had her  
father's angry opposition to brave. But she  
remained firm.

"He will cover you with infamy, if you  
dare to persevere in this mad opposition," he  
said.

And she answered—

"The infamy may recoil upon his own head.  
I am innocent—I will not be such a traitor to  
virtue as to let silence declare me guilty."

There was a pause, now, for a few weeks.  
The unhappy state of affairs at the Allen  
House, made it hardly proper for my wife to  
continue her visits there, and Mrs. Dewey did  
not venture to call upon her. The trial of the  
case would not come up for some two or three  
months, and both parties were waiting, in  
stern resolution, for the approaching contest.

One day I received a message from Mrs.  
Dewey, desiring me to call and see two of her  
children who were sick. On visiting them—the  
two youngest—I found them seriously ill, with  
symptoms so like scarletina, that I had little  
question in my mind as to the character of the  
disease from which they were suffering. My  
second visit confirmed these fears.

"It is scarlet fever," said Mrs. Dewey, look-  
ing at me calmly, as I moved from the bed-  
side after a careful examination of the two lit-  
tle ones.

I merely answered—

"Yes."

There was no change in her countenance.

"The are both very ill."

She spoke with a slow deliberateness, that  
was unusual to her.

"They are sick children," said I.

"Sick, it may be, unto death."

There was no emotion in her voice.

I looked at her without replying.

"I can see them die, Doctor, if that must  
be."

Oh, that icy coldness of manner, how it  
chilled me!

"No hand but mine shall tend them now,  
Doctor. They have been long enough in the  
care of others—neglected—almost forgotten—  
by their unworthy mother. But in this painful  
extremity I will be near them. I come  
back to the post of duty, even at this late  
hour, and all that is left for me, that will  
I do."

I was deeply touched by her words and  
manner. The latter softened a little as she ut-  
tered the closing sentence.

"You look at the darkest side," I answered.

"With God are the issues of life. He calls us,  
our children, or our friends, in His own good  
time. We cannot tell how any sickness will  
terminate; and hope for the best is always our  
truest state."

"I hope for the best," she replied, but with  
something equivocal in her voice.

"The best is life," I said, scarcely reflecting  
upon my words.

"Not always," she returned, still speaking  
calmly. "Death is often the highest blessing  
that God can give. It will be so in the present  
case."

"Madam!"

My tone of surprise did not move her.

"It is simply true, Doctor," she made an-  
swer. "As things are now, and as they pro-  
mise to be in the future, the safest place for  
these helpless innocents, is in Heaven; and I  
feel that their best friend is about to remove  
them there through the door of sickness."

"I could not bear to hear her talk in this way.  
It sent cold chills through me. So I changed  
the subject."

On the next day, all the symptoms were  
unfavorable. Mrs. Dewey was calm as when  
I last saw her; but it was plain from her ap-  
pearance, that she had taken little if any rest.  
Her manner towards the sick babes was full of  
tenderness; but there was no betrayal of  
weakness or distress in view of a fatal termi-  
nation. She made no anxious inquiries, such  
as are pressed on physicians in cases of dan-  
gerous illness; but received my directions, and  
promised to give them a careful observance,  
with a self-possession that showed not a sign  
of wavering strength.

I was touched by all this. How intense must  
have been the suffering that could so bewitch  
the heart. That could prepare a mother to sit  
by the couch of her sick babes, and be willing

to see them die. I have witnessed many sad  
scenes in professional experience; but none so  
sad as this.

Steadily did the destroyer keep on with his  
work. There were none of those flattering  
changes that sometimes cheat us into hopes of  
recovery, but a regular daily accumulation of  
the most unfavorable symptoms. At the end  
of a week I gave up all hope of saving the chil-  
dren, and made no more vain attempts to con-  
trol a disease that had gone on from the begin-  
ning steadily breaking away the foundations of  
life. To diminish the suffering of my little  
patients, and make their passage from earth to  
Heaven as easy as possible, was now my only  
care.

On the mother's part, there was no sign of  
wavering. Patiently, tenderly, faithfully did  
she minister to her little ones night and day.  
No lassitude or weariness appeared, though  
her face, which grew paler and thinner every  
day, told the story of exhausting nature. She  
continued in the same state of mind I have  
described, never for an instant, as far as I  
could see, receding from a full consent to their  
removal.

One morning, in making my usually early  
call at the Allen House, I saw, what I was not  
unprepared to see, a dark death sign on the  
door.

"All over," I said to the servant who ad-  
mitted me.

"Yes, sir, all is over," she replied.

"Both gone?"

"Yes, sir; both."

Tears were in her eyes.

"When did they die?"

"About midnight."

"At the same time?"

"Yes, sir. Dear little souls! They went  
together."

"I will go up to see them," said I.

And the girl showed me to the room in  
which they were laid. The door was closed.  
I opened it, and stepped in softly. The room  
was darkened; but light came in through a  
small opening in the curtains at the top of the  
window, and fell in a narrow circle around the  
spot where the bodies, already in their snowy  
grave clothes, were laid. In a chair beside  
them, sat the mother. She was alone with her  
dead. I felt that I was an intruder upon a  
sorrow too deep for tears or words; but it was  
too late to recede. So I moved forward, and  
stood by the bedside, looking down upon the  
two white little faces, from which had passed  
every line of suffering.

Mrs. Dewey neither stirred nor spoke, nor  
in any way gave token that she was aware of  
my presence in the room. I stood for over a  
minute, looking upon the sweet images before  
me—for in them death had put on forms of  
beauty—and still there was no movement on  
the part of Mrs. Dewey. Then, feeling that  
she was with One who could speak to her  
heart by an inner way, better than I could  
speak through the natural ear, I quietly re-  
ceded and left the apartment. As my eyes re-  
stod on her a moment, in closing the door, I saw  
that her form remained as still as a statue.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

An hour later, when Constance went to see  
Mrs. Dewey, she found her in a state of uncon-  
sciousness, nature having at last given way.  
Not long after I left the house, her mother, on  
entering the room where the children were  
laid out, found her insensible, lying across  
the bed, with her dead babes clasped in her  
arms.

Mrs. Floyd sent word for me to come and  
see her daughter, as she continued in a lethar-  
gic state. I found her like one in a deep sleep,  
only her breathing was light, and her pulse  
very feeble, but regular. She was out of the  
reach of my skill, and in the hands of the  
great Physician. I could only trust the cure  
to him. No medicine for the body would be  
of any avail here. I called again in the after-  
noon; but found no change. How little was  
there in the pale, pinched face that lay among  
the white pillows, to remind me of the hand-  
some, dashing Mrs. Dewey of a year gone  
by!

"What do you think of her, Doctor?"

Mrs. Floyd put the question. The tone had  
in it something that made me look narrowly  
into the speaker's face. My ears had not de-  
ceived me. There was the wish in her heart  
that Della might die!

I was not surprised at this. And yet the  
revelation of such a state of feeling in so good  
and true a woman as I had reason to know  
Mrs. Floyd to be, made my heart bound with a  
throb of pain.

Alas! Alas! into what unnatural condi-  
tions may not the mind fall through suffering  
that shuts out human hope!

"Nature," said I, in answer to the question  
of Mrs. Floyd, "may be only gathering up her  
powers after a long period of exhaustion. The  
strife through which your daughter has passed—  
calmly passed to all external seeming—has  
not been without a wasting of internal life. How  
she kept on so evenly to the end, passes my  
comprehension. There is not one woman  
in a thousand who could have so borne her-  
self through to the final act. It is meet that  
she should rest now."

"If she were sleeping with her babes, happy  
would it be for her."

Tears fell over the face of Mrs. Floyd.

"God knows what is best," I remarked.

"She has nothing to live for in this world.  
A sob broke from its repression, and heaved  
the mother's bosom. "Oh, Doctor, if I saw  
the death dew on her brow, I would not  
weep!"

"Leave her, friend," said I, "in the  
hands of Him who sees deeper into the  
heart than it is for our eyes to pene-  
trate. Her body the soft, downy ways  
they trod for and turned into rough  
paths, where death is upon sharp  
stones; but it is that blessed land is  
smiling beyond as being astray in the  
world, and (blessed be leading her home-  
ward by the way."

Mrs. Floyd wept as I talked.

"His will be done," she sobbed.

"Your daughter, taking the occa-  
sion to bear witness on the favorable  
side, 'has hoped, without question. She  
was, despondent, but not sinful; and  
the prospect to disprove her I re-  
gard as a cruel. It will recoil, I trust,  
in a way not named of me."

"Oh, Doctor, thank you for such  
words!"

And Mrs. Floyd with an eager  
movement.

"I speak as a man, and from obser-  
vation and not from theory. And I trust to see Della  
live and triumph her enemies."

"Won't you tell the Squire, Doctor?"

She still grasped my arm. "He will not hear  
a word from me of Della. Mr. Dewey  
has completed him."

"Wait, Mrs. Floyd," said I, in a  
tone of earnestness. "Your daughter is  
not without a. There are those upon  
her side, who will and the power to  
defend her; ay will defend her, I believe,  
successfully."

A sigh rushed through the room, causing  
us both to turn towards the bed on  
which Mrs. Floyd lay. Her lips were  
moving slightly no change appeared on  
her death-like face. I laid my fingers upon  
her wrist, and for her pulse. It was  
very low and ill-like; but with more vi-  
lity than on occasion of my first visit to  
her in the room.

"The favorable."

Mrs. Floyd responded. She was look-  
ing at her hand with an expression of un-  
utterable grief her countenance.

I did not at all give medicine, but left  
unerring nature to her own work.

Mrs. Dewey not again look upon the  
faces of her children. They were buried  
ere her mind to any knowledge of pass-  
ing events. At the funeral, and closely  
observed husband. He appeared very  
soler, and shone tears at the grave, when  
the little coffins lowered together into the  
earth.

It was a woe Mrs. Dewey was clearly  
conscious of. I visited her  
every day, sing, with deep interest, her  
slow convalescence. It was plain, as her mind  
began to recede, that the memory  
of a sad event faded; and I was anxious  
for the effect of this painful remembrance  
was restored.

One day I found her sitting up in her room.  
She smiled as I came in, and said:

"Doctor, never going to get well? It  
seems like as since I became sick."

"You are on the way," I answered, in  
a cheerful smiling down by her and taking  
her hand, as was wasted and shadowy.

"I don't know about that, Doctor," she said.

"What me so weak? I've no more  
strength to take. And that reminds me  
of a frightful dream I had." And her counte-  
nance changed.

"A dream I queried.

"Yes; I thought Aggy and Lu were both  
dead! I shuddered cold and white as  
statues, just plainly as I see you now."

She stopped suddenly, an expression of fear  
going over her face—then looked at me in a  
strange, quivering way.

"Doctor, she leaned towards me, with lips  
apart, and a full of a sudden, wild alarm. I  
laid my hand upon her, and said:

"You have been very ill for some time, Mrs.  
Dewey, and so weak to bear excitement.  
Don't let me dreams disturb you."

"Dreams!" Her eyes fell from mine—  
"Dreams the repeated. 'I feel very weak,  
Doctor,' I added, after a few moments—  
"Won't you assist me to lie down?"

And she made a movement to rise. I took  
her arm, as supported her to the bed, where  
she quietly composed herself, and turned her  
face away as almost to hide it from my  
view. At moment Mrs. Floyd came in,  
and I withdrew, leaving them together.

Memory was restored. The accompa-  
nying show was severe, but not heavy enough  
seriously retard her recovery, which went  
on slowly she still remained at the Allen  
House, ray meeting her husband, who now  
spent a large part of his time in New York.

The period fixed for a trial of the case be-  
tween them was fast approaching. He con-<

"I was in New York a few months ago, on business," Mr. Wallingford replied, "and it so happened, that I heard the firm of which Dwyer is a partner, spoken of. Among other remarks was this, 'They are thought to be very much extended.'"

"What is the meaning of that?" asked Mr. Wallingford.

"It is understood in business circles," replied her husband, "to mean, that a house is doing too much business for the amount of capital employed, and that it has issued, in consequence, a large amount of paper. Any very heavy losses to a firm in this condition, might prove disastrous."

"Too much extended?" said I, thoughtfully, "some new impressions forming themselves in my mind."

"Yes, that was the opinion held by the individual I refer to, and he was not one to speak carelessly on so grave a matter."

"If the house of Floyd, Lawson, Lee & Co., should go down," I remarked, "there will be a great loss."

"There will, without any doubt," replied Mr. Wallingford.

"The executors to the Allen estate might find themselves in a most unfortunate position," said I.

"Such a position as I would not be in for all the world. Anything but disaster."

"How disaster?" asked Constance.

"The whole estate would be, I fear, involved."

"They gave security," said I.

"But the sureties are not worth a tenth part of the sum for which they stand responsible. The Court acted with a singular want of discretion in appointing them."

"You don't mean to have us infer that Judge Higdon and Squire Floyd have used the funds of this estate for their own purposes, to any great extent?"

"I would not care to say this out of doors, Doctor, but that is just my opinion of the matter as it now stands. Dwyer is guardian to the heir, and would favor, rather than oppose, such a use of the funds."

"It might be just so much in favor of the heir," remarked Mr. Wallingford, "if two-thirds of the property had disappeared by the time he reached his majority, for from all that I have heard of him, he is not likely to become a man fitted to use large wealth either to his own or any body else's advantage. He was low born and low bred, in the worst sense of the words, and I fear that no education will change his original quality, or greatly modify his early bias. So while the wasting of his substance is a great wrong in the abstract, it may be a real blessing to him. Events, in this life, work out strangely to our human eyes; yet there is a providence in them that ever edifies good from evil."

"If we could always believe that," said I, "how tranquilly might we pass through life. How clearly would our eyes see through the darkest clouds, and rest upon the silver lining."

"It is not so," Does not God's providence follow us in the smallest things of our lives? Do we take a step that falls outside of His cognizance? We have only to look back, to be assured of this. We may walk on tranquilly, Doctor, for, as sure as we live, no evil can befall us that does not have its origin within our own spirits. All the machinations of our most bitter enemies, will come to naught, if we keep our hearts free from guile. They may rob us of our earthly possessions, but even this they will turn to our greater gain."

Mrs. Wallingford spoke with a charming enthusiasm.

"With such a confidence," said my wife, "one is richer than if he had the wealth of an Asar."

"And with this great advantage," replied Mrs. Wallingford, "that the man enjoy the whole of his possessions. Moth and rust never corrupt them, and no man can take them away."

"I have a new book from which I want to read you a sentiment," said Constance, rising, and moving towards the secretary and book case, which stood in the room.

Mrs. Wallingford rose and went with her.

"It is so beautifully accordant with many things I have heard you say," added my wife, as she took down the volume, and commenced turning over its pages.

After reading a few sentences, and commenting upon them, some remark directed the attention of Mrs. Wallingford to the antiquated secretary, which was the one I had purchased when the furniture of the Allen House was sold.

"I have reason to remember this old secretary," she said. "It was here that the will was found which cut off our interest in the estate of my uncle."

As she spoke in a pleasant way, she pulled out a drawer—the very one which had suggested concealment, when I first got possession of the piece of furniture—and said—

"This is where the will lay concealed."

And she pressed against the side firmly, when a portion of it yielded, and their sprang up another drawer, or receptacle, placed in officially.

"We were all very much interested in this curious arrangement. The drawer could not be pulled out much beyond half its depth; the secret portion lying within this limit."

As I stood looking at the drawer, a sudden thought flashed through my mind, and I pressed my hand against the other side. It began to yield; I pressed harder, and up sprung a corresponding secret receptacle, from which a paper fell out. A hard substance rattled on the solid wood. It was a gold locket, tied with a piece of blue ribbon, and attached with a seal, to the folded paper.

"It was some moments before a hand reached forth to lift the document. It was at length taken up by Mr. Wallingford. As he did so the locket swung free, and we saw that it contained a brand of dark hair. Unfolding the paper, and stepping back to the light, he read, in a low, firm voice, as follows—

"I, John Allen, being of sound mind, do make this as my last will and testament, revoking, at the same time, all other wills. I give and bequeath all my property, real and personal, to my sister Flora, if living; or, if dead, to her legal heirs—reserving only for my wife,

Thomas Garcia, in case she survive me, a legacy of five hundred dollars a year, to be continued during her natural life. And I name as my executors, to carry out the provisions of this will, Doctor Edward —, and James Wilkinson, of the town of —, State of Massachusetts."

Then followed the date, which was recent, compared with that of the other wills, and the signatures of the testator and witnesses, all in due form. The witnesses were men in our town, and well known to us all.

At the reading of her mother's name, Mrs. Wallingford sat down quickly, and, covering her face, leaned over upon the centre table. I saw that she was endeavoring to control a strong agitation.

I was the first to speak.

"The ways of Providence are past finding out," said I. "Let me congratulate you on this good fortune."

As I spoke Mrs. Wallingford rose from the table, and, going to her husband, placed her hands upon his arms, and looking up into his face, fondly and tearfully, said—

"Dear Henry! For your sake, my heart is glad to-night."

He laid the will down, as if it were a thing of little value, and kissing her, said—

"This cannot add to our happiness, Blanche, and may bring care and trouble."

"Not more trouble than blessing," she replied, "if rightly used."

The locket attached to the will excited our curious interest. It was, we felt sure, the same that Captain Allen's mother had sent to him by the hands of Jacob Perkins. Doubtless, some memory of his mother, stirred by the sight of this locket, had caused him to revoke his former will, and execute this one in favor of his sister. There was no room to question, for a moment, its genuineness. It had all legal formality, and the men who witnessed the signature were living and well known to us all. It was named as one of the executors. So there was some perplexing business before me; for, in taking things as they were, it was not probable that the executors under the former will would be able, promptly, to give satisfactory account of their trust, or to hand over the property in a shape acceptable to the right heirs.

But, of this, more anon. Our good friends went home early after this singular discovery, showing more bewilderment than elation of manner. I think that Constance and I were gladder in heart than they.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

At a representation of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," a young coxcomb, dressed in some certain airs of the opera, to annoy all his neighbors. An amateur, who sat beside him, unable to bear it any longer, said aloud, "What a fool!" "Do you mean me?" said the troublousome fellow to him. "No, sir, I complain of Mario, who prevents my hearing you."

The mixed style. In the churchyard of Dorchester, near Cullum, Hampshire, is the following epitaph—

His last Johannes Anderson, Abolitionist, Who built the churchyard dyke at his own expense.

We rarely hear of a man committing suicide for want of a loaf of bread, but it is often done for want of a couch. And I believe.

A tourist being informed by the landlord of a certain inn that he must not sleep with his boots on, very considerably replied, "Oh, the bugs won't hurt 'em, they are an old pair."

A "called pussen," who kept a restaurant in Boston, used to cut his guests into pieces, instead of four, as was customary, having discovered that his patrons would pay him the same price without nothing the cheat.

An assistant in the establishment of one into four pieces. The keeper's eyes were sharper than his, and it did not escape his notice. His assistant was startled with the demand, "Who cut that pie so square?"

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1859.

### TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are \$5 a year, if paid in advance; \$6, if not paid in advance. If the year's subscription must always be paid in advance. For \$5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following list of Terms to Clubs—

One Copy, and four Engravings of Niagara Falls.	\$3.00
One Copy of THE POST, and one of Arthur's Home Magazine.	3.00
One Copy of THE POST, and one of Godley's Lady's Book.	3.50
Two Copies of THE POST.	3.00
Four (and one engraving of Niagara Falls).	\$5.00
Eight (and one paper to get up of Club.)	10.00
Thirteen (and one paper to get up of Club.)	15.00
Twenty (and one paper to get up of Club.)	20.00
Thirty (and one paper extra, and both engravings of Niagara Falls.)	30.00

If those who send clubs of eight, thirteen, or twenty names, can have either an extra paper, as mentioned above, or both the engravings of Niagara Falls, as they may prefer.

THE NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome steel engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber. "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful steel engraving, will be sent to every subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who forwards \$25 cents to pay the cost of postage, mailing, &c. The cost of this engraving in the stores is four dollars! It is a gem.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to pay the postage of the paper.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the lack numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscribers in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible; the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address: DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REFLECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

### CLUBS! CLUBS!

We trust the friends of THE POST through the country, will see to it that one or more Clubs are formed at the town or Post Office in or near which they reside.

The inducements which we offer to those getting up Clubs, will repay them to the trouble they take in this matter.

Our offer of the large and beautiful engraving, "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," as a premium to every subscriber for 1860, will render the forming of Clubs this year a very easy affair.

Where a Club of twenty is formed, each subscriber by paying only \$1.25, will get the paper for one year, and a copy of this beautiful premium engraving besides. While the getting up of the Club, will receive gratis either a copy of the paper for a year, or both of the handsome engravings of Niagara Falls, to compensate him for his trouble. He also, by remitting 25 cents, will receive "The Speaking Likeness" in addition.

Where the Club amounts to thirty, the getting-up of it will receive both the paper for one year and the Niagara Falls engravings also. And, as before, by remitting 25 cents, The Speaking Likeness.

Where the head of a family does not wish to be at the trouble of making up a Club, either of the sons or daughters could take the matter in hand, and entitle themselves, by a little trouble, to at least both the Niagara Falls Engravings. Here is a chance for the young gentlemen and ladies to procure two large and handsome pictures that they do not often get.

By remitting 25 cents to pay the expense of mailing, postage, &c., we will forward "The Speaking Likeness" at once, to any one desirous of forming a club; and with this, to show to neighbors and friends, a club of twenty or thirty can easily be obtained. For the engraving itself, as every one will perceive, is worth three times what is asked for both it and the paper.

We trust our friends through the country, old and young, will not upon this suggestion at once. We feel that we are offering inducements this year, which, if properly seconded by our subscribers, will be to the advantage of all parties.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

It is very evident from the recent change in the tone of the leading English papers, that John Bull thinks he sees daylight ahead through the French invasion cloud—whether it comes to anything serious or not. The Times has indulged itself of late in articles by no means of an extremely pacific character, but rather of the if you want a fight—come on then order—while Punch has sharpened pencil and pen, and ridicules and scoffs at the menaces of the French, in a manner by no means calculated to mollify the ire of the Gallic Cock against "perfidious Albion."

We take the explanation of this change of tone to be simply this. The defenses of England have been looked to, and greatly enlarged and strengthened—one hundred thousand volunteers are already embodied in the rifle corps, are armed with the best weapons, and have attained much skill in their use—Prussia, connected by marriage with England, has had a private talk with Russia, and restored the good understanding which existed before the contest in the Crimea—and England now has determined to know definitely whether her neighbors mean peace, or mean war, caring very little about, but preferring either to the state of peace-no peace which has recently existed between them.

We have spoken of the illustrations of Punch. In the last number of that journal, the leading illustration is an engraving of the British Lion, seated on his side of the Channel, with numerous vessels of war at his feet, while, on the other side, is Louis Napoleon, menacing him with a toy dog, which he is causing to squeak "Bow-wow!" Nothing could be more aggravating to the French Army—to say nothing of the Emperor himself.

Another illustration, a week previous, represented John Bull as scoffing at the idea of an invasion, and hinting that he might perhaps save his neighbors the trouble of crossing the water to see him. It thus seems to be the general impression in England that war must come, and, if it must, why the sooner the better.

### IN MEMORIAM.

A few days ago a long funeral procession wound slowly up the banks of the Hudson. The pensive beauty of the Indian summer filled the clear, warm day, and the lovely landscape slept in rich autumn light. Softened shadows and mellow splendors lay upon the romantic hills and uplands, and in the wild gorges, and a peaceful glory lit the broad waters of the Tappan Zee. Slowly, through the deep peace of the wide air, passed on the funeral procession, bearing an aged brother, full of years and honors, to the grave. Up through the woodland path, under the elms and maples, on through the quiet landscape and the mellow light, they bore him. Friends, kindred, scholars, civic officers, citizens of every order and degree were there. On by the river where the flags drooped at half-mast, on through the quiet old town, whose streets were draped in mourning, and whose bells were tolled, till at length the procession paused in the old cemetery and the body was laid in the grave. Then rose the solemn prayer, and the burial anthem filled the hearts of the mourners with its sweet assurance—"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The grave was now filled, a woman's hand laid a wreath of lilies at its head, and the last rites of love and reverence were over.

So in his seventy-seventh year passed away Washington Irving. He died childless. But books are immortal children, Montaigne says, and these are his posterity. He was the golden link that bound the American literature of fifty years ago, then in its youth, with the American literature of to-day, now in its fairest promise. We loved to call him in trite sweet phrase, the Sector of our American letters. He was one of the first who made our literature respected abroad. The harsh clamor of Blackwood and the savage Scotch and English reviews of that day, melted into music at the name of Washington Irving. He shares with our own Brooklyn Brown the honor of having first drawn an admiring echo from the caves of Arthur's Seat and the cloisters of Temple Bar.

Perhaps he has been somewhat overrated as an author. His great fame with us finds its data, it may be, in the low condition of American literature at the period when the golden fountain of his genius first flashed up to the light of the sun. With the English, it is possible that a style of thought and diction which was indeed a glorified reproduction of Addison's and Goldsmith's, may have bespoken him both favor and fame. Still when all abatement is made, there is a genius which in at least one of his works, is altogether his own, and that work should of itself give him renown. We refer to the "Knickerbocker's History of New York."

The jovial and grotesque humor, the picturesque fun, the sunny mockery of that composition, with its graphic delineation of those immortal fairy Dutchmen, make it unique and unsurpassed among the works of the humorists. It is besides thoroughly American, a true birth of our sun and soil, and could not have been produced elsewhere.

His other light works, "Bracebridge Hall," "Tales of a Traveller," "Legends of the Conquest of Spain," "Wolfert's Roost," etc., are well known. His "Life of Columbus" is, we suppose, his greatest historical composition. It was among the works that gained him one of two gold medals given by the British Government for eminence in historical writing; the other was awarded to the illustrious Hallam. His "Life of Washington" is, we believe, the only attempt that has been made to exhibit the great American rather as a great man than as a great Commander.

But we may not here recount or criticize his literary achievements, or linger on the fair record of diplomatic service or private usefulness, which made his life revered and beloved. Nor is it necessary that we should. The story of his career is known, and his fame is secure.

In the life and in the works of this man there was the quality of sunshine. Take even the sarcasms you may find in his books, and the wit is always the ray, and never the lightning. Recall every anecdote or current rumor of him or his deeds, and in each the genial spirit or the loving kindness is kindred to the sunbeam. The overflowing sunshine of his benignant nature, which pours its abundant gold through all his pages, must touch even the house in which he abode, and he called it Sunnyside.

He is gone. The Indian summer, type of the rich and beautiful spirit that steeped his thoughts and fancies in golden light, was on the land when he died. It was well that he, whose words and deeds had the mellowness and tenderness of the autumn sunshine, should be carried to his grave when that autumn sunshine lay mellow and tender on the landscape; his genius had hallowed it. It is told that in the church, just before they closed the coffin lid, a ray of sunlight floated through the window, and rested on his dead face. That, too, was well. Sunshine on all his life, sunshine through it all, sunshine ever poured from his heart and brain, sunshine on the dying bed and on the funeral path, and at the last the blessing of the sunshine on the dead face of the master of Sunnyside.

WHAT IS THOUGHT OF THEM.—Mr. R. C. K. of South Warsaw, N. Y., writes—

"Enclosed please find 25 cents in postage stamps for an engraving of 'The Speaking Likeness.' My engravings of Niagara Falls came safely to hand, and are beautiful."

ANSWERS TO QUERIES ABOUT ENGRAVINGS.—E. W. R., of Centre Valley, Pa., says:—

"Can I obtain the three engravings by renewing my subscription, in advance, with \$3.25 for the year 1860? The 'Post' has been a most welcome weekly visitor during the past year, and I should not like to dispense with it in future."

Yes, for three dollars, in advance, we send the Post for one year, and the two engravings of Niagara Falls—giving about seven dollars worth for three dollars! For an additional 25 cents, we of course send "The Speaking Likeness," making about eleven dollars worth for \$3.25!

As we perceive by other letters that some readers are not exactly certain that they understand our offers—which is not wonderful, considering that we offer to give so much for so little!—we may add—

That every club subscriber for 1860, who sends us 25 cents in addition to his regular club rate, is also entitled to "The Speaking Likeness."

If the club designs commencing with the first of the year, and is received in December, the engravings will be forwarded at once to as many as order it, and the papers will be commenced at the time designated.

As this Premium is for 1860, of course only subscribers for that year are entitled to it.—Any subscriber who has paid up for 1860, or who will forward sufficient to carry his account over that year, is entitled to send his 25 cents in addition, and receive the Premium Engraving.

HOMOEOPATHY.—We have received an Address adopted at a general meeting of the Homoeopathic physicians of this city, in which they urge the introduction of Homoeopathy into our public institutions. They claim:—

First.—That under the Homoeopathic mode of treatment the duration of disease is much contracted, the high degree of aggravation peculiar to most maladies modified and materially lessened, when compared with Allopathy.

Secondly.—That it effectually guards against the injurious and dangerous consequences known to result from the large doses and other heroic measures, such as bleeding, cupping, blistering, setons, &c., of the Old School.

Thirdly.—That the rate of mortality has, under all circumstances, been less under Homoeopathy; whilst in the treatment of Yellow Fever and Cholera, it has shown a pre-eminent advantage over Allopathy.

Fourthly.—That in this treatment, the evils resulting from the extensive adulteration of drugs, is entirely obviated, and the large sacrifice of life which annually takes place, through the mistakes and ignorance of apothecaries' apprentices and assistants, as well as nurses, is entirely prevented.

We think it would be a good idea to let the Homoeopaths have one of the prisons, or the almshouse, for a year,—especially as they offer, we believe, to do the doctoring and drugging for nothing—and see whether the results support the above high claims. There is no proof of theory like practice. It is the short and easy method by which the world cuts the gordian knot of rival theories which has neither the knowledge, time nor patience to untie.

THE MAIN SNAKE.—We were a little surprised, the other day, in reading an account of the snake charmers of Ceylon, to see it stated that the use of what is called a "mad stone" was also common with them. They apply it very much as it is applied in this country. Sir Emerson Tennent obtained one of these stones, which are called in Ceylon "snake stones," and submitted it to the scrutiny of the famous chemist, Faraday. Faraday says:—

"It is a piece of charred bone which has been filled with blood, perhaps, several times, and then carefully charred again. Evidence of this is afforded, as well by the appearance of cells or tubes on its surface as by the fact that it yields and breaks under pressure, and exhibits an organic structure within. When heated slightly water rises from it, and also a little ammonia; and if heated still more highly in the air, carbon burns away, and a bulky white ash is left, retaining the shape and size of the 'stone.' This ash, as is evident from inspection, cannot have belonged to any vegetable substance, for it is almost entirely composed of phosphate of lime." Mr. Faraday adds that "if the piece of matter has ever been employed as a spongy absorbent, it seems hardly fit for that purpose in its present state; but who can say to what treatment it has been subjected since it was fit for use, or to what treatment the natives may submit it when expecting to have occasion to use it?"

It is further stated that the Beers of the Cape of Good Hope also are in the habit of using a snake stone, which they hold in high esteem.

We take pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement of the Messrs. Marchant, in another column. We have in our own possession some of their crystallographs, both of living and deceased friends, with which we should feel extremely loth to part.

THE RURAL SOUTHERNER says of our NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS:—"They are among the finest and most interesting engravings that we have ever seen."

DIRECTORIES.—The Wheeling (Va.) Union, of Dec. 2, says:—"On Sunday last it was rumored in Richmond that the Rev. Mr. Wise, an officiating clergyman of the Episcopal Church, in Philadelphia, had been seized on by the Abolitionists of that city as a hostage for the safety of old Brown. Where such a rumor could have originated it is impossible to ascertain, but that it was false and ridiculous, very little reflection was necessary to convince the public."

We should think so. The Rev. Mr. Wise was in no more danger in Philadelphia, than if he had been in the midst of the 2,000 troops at Charleston. Not so much, for that matter—for 2,000 guns, even in the hands of friends, are dangerous weapons.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON IRVING.—Washington Irving is dead. He retired to his room, at Sunnyside, on the evening of the 28th, about 10 o'clock, feeling more languid than usual, and complaining of pain in his side, but apparently not more unwell than he had been for several months past. Just as he reached his room, and while his niece was near him, he suddenly fell, and in a moment was gone. A physician was soon with him, but no mortal aid could avail to bring him back. One who saw him within an hour from the time he was taken, says he seemed as if in peaceful sleep. His funeral took place on Thursday, at 1 P. M., at Christ's Church, Tarrytown. So passes away one of the finest writers and most genial souls that America has produced.

## New Publications.

### NOTES ON BOOKS.

One of the best of our young Southern poets, Mr. PAUL H. HAYNE, has published a volume of new and old pieces, entitled AVOLIO; A LEGEND OF THE ISLAND OF COS, WITH OTHER POEMS, LYRICAL, MISCELLANEOUS AND DRAMATIC. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) The first and longest poem is founded on a story by Leigh Hunt, and has a vivid pictorial beauty not unworthy of the author of Rimini himself. Avolio is a young Florentine gentleman and true knight, who, with his gay companions, passes at the Isle of Cos, in the Sicilian sea, on the way to Smyrna. The company—knights and traders—some fired with love of glory, some of gold—set forth in quest of adventures.

By mossy streams and in deep shadowed bowers, They strayed from charm to charm through lengths of languid hours.

In thickets of wild fern and rustling broom The humble-bee buzzed past them with a boom Of insect thunder, and in gleams afar The golden fire-fly, a small animate star, Shone from the twilight of the darkling leaves. High noon it was, but dusk, like mellow eyes, Rejoined in the night.

The humble-bee



## LOVE.

BY THE LATE T. K. HURVEY.

There are who say the lover's heart  
Is in the loved one's merged  
Oh, never by love's own warm art  
No cold a plea was urged  
No hearts that love hath crowned or crowned  
Love fondly waits together  
But not a thought or love is lost  
That made a part of either

Expanding in the soft bright heat  
That drowns each to other  
Each feels itself in every heat  
Though beating for another  
It is their very union's art  
The separate parts to prove,  
And man first learns how great his heart  
When he has learned to love

The loving heart gives back as due  
The treasure it has found—  
As secrets return to him who threw  
The precious things around—  
As mirrors show, because they reflect,  
What shadows o'er them move—  
Receive the light, and by the light  
Reflect the form of love

As he who, wrapt in fancy's dream,  
Beats o'er some wave at even,  
Yet deep within the soul's stream  
Sees but himself and heaven—  
So, looking through his loved one's eyes,  
In search of all things rare,  
The lover—and amid love's skies  
Himself is everywhere

It is an ill-told tale that tells  
Of heart by love made one—  
He grows who near another's dwells  
More conscious of his own  
In each spring up new thoughts and powers  
That, mid love's warm calm weather,  
Together tend like climbing flowers,  
And, turning, grow together

Such fictions blink love's better part  
Yield up its half of bliss  
The while are in the neighbor heart  
When there is third in this  
There findeth love the passion flowers  
On which it learns to thrive  
Makes honey in another's bowers  
But brings it home to live

Love's life is in the own replies—  
To each low beat it beats,  
Smiles back the smile, sighs back the sighs,  
And every thought repeats  
Then, since one loving heart still throbs  
Two shadows in love's sun,  
How should two loving hearts compose  
And mingle into one?

## THE DEAN OF DENHAM.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c.

IV.  
The shades of twilight were fast gathering on the sides of the old cathedral, and the congregation, assembled in the choir for afternoon service, began to wonder whether the chanter would be able to finish without a light. The beautiful colors of the painted east window were growing dim—exceedingly beautiful were they when the sun illumined them.

It was a full congregation, unusually numerous for a winter's afternoon, and one that threatened rain. The Bishop of Denham, an old man, sat in his throne, the dean, a much younger man, and very handsome, was in his stall. By his side was a boy of ten, or rather more; he possessed the dean's own face in miniature, and there could be no mistaking that they were father and son. Underneath the dean was the pew of his wife, and with her was another boy, somewhat younger, but bearing a great resemblance to the one by the dean. She was a fair, beautiful woman, with stately manners and a haughty face; in age she may have been a year or two, though she did not look it.

The chanter bent his spectacles nearer and nearer to his book, and the dean, Dr. Baumgarten, quietly pushed back the curtain on the side of his own stall, leaned down, and whispered a word to one of the boys, who was congregated on the steps inside the choir entrance. The old man shuffled out, presently shuffled in again with a flaming tallow candle, which he carried to the chanter's desk. The chanter gave him a nod for the unexpected accommodation, and went on more glibly. He had seen a light taken to the organ loft, before the commencement of the anthem.

The service concluded, the bishop gave the blessing, and the congregation left the choir, but they did not leave the edifice: they waited in the body of the cathedral to listen to the music, for the organist was treating them to some of the choicest morceaux amongst his voluntaries. He was a superior player, and now and then he chose to show them that he was, and would keep them, delighted listeners, full half an hour after the conclusion of afternoon service; and sometimes he had to do so by order of the dean.

The bishop had little ear for music, but he liked the stopping, and the social chat it afforded, very well. He slowly paced the flagstones by the side of the dean's wife, the respectful crowd allowing them a wide berth. Dr. Baumgarten stood close to the railings of a fine monument, partly listening, partly talking to the sub-dean. It was the month of November, the audit season, therefore all the great dignitaries of the cathedral were gathered in Denham.

"What's that now, Lady Grace? It's something like Luther's Hymn: variations on it, possibly."

Lady Grace Baumgarten coughed down a laugh; but she knew the bishop's musical deficiencies.

"It's a symphony from Mozart; your lordship does not listen."

"Mozart, eh. I can distinguish a tune well enough when they sing the words to it, and I know our familiar airs, 'God Save the Queen,'

and 'The blue bells of Scotland,' and such like, but when it comes to the grand intricate pieces, I am all at sea. The bishop in his honest simplicity—'How are the children, Lady Grace?' 'Quite well, thank you; the two boys are here. I don't see them now, but they are somewhere about.'"

Lady Grace could not see them, and for a very good reason—that they were not there. The elder, the one who had been the side of the dean, an indulgent boy, had scampered out into the cloisters the moment he could steal away from the dean's presence, drawing his brother with him.

"Charley," quoth he, "come on to pour cats and dogs, and I'll pay you to go out with him after college; you go in, and bring me my top coat."

"Oh, Cyras, don't send me! Let me stop and listen to the organ."

"You insolent little beggar! Come, be off; or else you know what you'll get!"

"But the music will be good," pleaded the younger, a little fellow of ten.

"The music be bothered! Here, take my Prayer-book in with you. Be sensible as it is of mamma, to make us use our Prayer-books to college when there are large books in the stalls, ready for use."

Mr. Charles, I'll allow you three minutes to get back here with the coat, and then exceed it by half a second, you'll catch your death."

Master Baumgarten took off his watch—an appendage of which he was extremely proud—as he spoke; and Charley, knowing there was no appeal against his imperious brother, laid hold of the Prayer-book, and ran off towards the deanery.

Cyras amused himself with kicking and spitting at an unhappy cat, which by some mischance got into the enclosed cloister graveyard; and, just before the time came up, back came the child all breathless, sweat over his arm.

Cyras snatched it from him, and attempted to thrust the other, when he discovered that it did not belong to him. Charley, by mistake, brought his own, and Cyras, not to be outdone, pushed it into the child's arms.

"You nasty, careless monkey! What the bother did you bring yours for? Haven't you got eyes? Haven't you got ears? Now, if—"

"Hallo! what's up? What he been at now, Cy?"

The speaker was Frank Dwyer, Cyras Baumgarten's especial chum, who was at Denham. He was considerably older than Cyras, but the latter was a forward boy of his years, and would not acknowledge a companion in one of his own age.

"A little jackass! I sent him in for my coat, and he must bring his," cried Cyras. "A tanning would do him good."

"What's he whimpering for? I never saw such a youngster; he's always crying."

"Oh, the dear little angel, yes. He whimpers, and then goes to his mamma, and she makes a molly of him, and gives him sugar-candy," ironically scoffed Master Baumgarten.

"Now, Mr. Charles, perhaps you'll leave off snivelling, and go and get the top coat. It's his fault that I keep you waiting here."

"I am not going. There's a cat at home about my running out in the rain; it's stopped, and I came to tell you. He'll come down this way."

The two boys, Dwyer's arm closely cast on the shoulder of Cyras, strolled together along the cloisters, the latter having thrown the coat atop of Charley's bag, with a force that nearly threw him off his legs.

Charley disengaged himself, and spying some of the college boys, with whom he kept up a passing acquaintance when at Denham, he joined them. They were emerging noisily from the schoolroom, where taking of their surplices; music had no charms for them, so they had not remained amidst the listeners in the cathedral.

Now, there was a charity school at Denham for the boys of poor parents, a large school, its numbers averaging four or five times those of the foundation school in the cathedral, and from time immemorial the gentlemen of the college foundation and the boys of the charity school had been at daggers drawn. The slight pastimes of hard abuse and stone-throwing were indulged in, whenever the opposition parties came in contact, but there occurred sometimes a more serious interlude—that of a general battle. Animosity at the present time ran unusually high, and in consequence of some offence offered by the haughty college boys in the past week, the charity boys (favoured possibly by the unusual darkness of the afternoon) had ventured on the unheard-of expedient of collecting in a body round the cloister gate to waylay the young gentlemen on their leaving the cathedral. The college lads walked into the trap and were caught, but they did not wait for "plunk," and began laying about them right and left.

The noise penetrated to the other end of the cloisters, to the ears of the two ladies, and away they tore, eager to take part in any mischief that might have turned up.

The first thing Cyras saw was his brother Charles struggling in the hands of one half-dozen "snobs" (the title bestowed indiscriminately by the college boys upon the other parties), and being handled roughly. Of course, having been with the others, he was taken for one of them, and being a mook like fellow, who stood aloof in the melee, instead of helping on the assault, besides looking remarkably aristocratic, a crime in their eyes, he was singled out as being a particularly eligible target.

All the hot blood in Cyras Baumgarten's body rushed to his face and his temper; if he chose to put upon Charley and "tan him," he was not going to see others do it. He flung off his jacket and his cap, threw them to Dwyer, and with his sturdy young fists doubled, sprang upon the assailants. What a contrast, when you come to think of it! The stately, impressive dean, master of his cathedral, and standing in it, the cynosure of surrounding eyes; the elegant Lady Grace, with her rank and her beauty, both of them particularly alive

to the circumstances of civilized life; and the two young Baumgartens just beyond control, taking part in a juvenile fight, as fierce as any Irish row. Ah, good doctors of divinity, fair Lady Grace, poor sons may be just as direly engaged behind your backs, little as you may suspect it, unworthy of belief as you would deem it!

What would have been the upshot, it is impossible to say—broken noses certainly, if not broken legs—had not the master of the charity boys come up, a worthy parish clerk, whom the whole lot dreaded more than anything alive. He had scented, or been told of, the expedition, and he had hastened to follow it, and bring down upon the fractious heads the weight of his wrathful authority. The very moment his portly figure was caught sight of, off flew the crew in ignominious alarm, the college boys raising a derisive shout after them, and then decamping to their own homes.

A good thing for them, and that it was over and done with, before their masters came out of the cathedral.

Dwyer, who was hand-in-glove with some of the senior boys, returned Cyras's property to him, and went away with his friends; and the two Baumgartens were left alone. Charles was crying and shaking, Charles's nose was bleeding, and down sat Cyras in a corner of the cloisters, and held the child to him, as tenderly as any mother could have done.

"Don't cry, Charley, dear," quoth he, kissing him fondly. "I know that biggest fellow that set upon you, and I'll pay him off as sure as he's a snob. I'd have paid them off now if they had waited, the cowards, and I don't care if they had killed me for it. Where did they hit you, darling?"

"They hit me everywhere, Cyras," sobbed the child, who, though barely two years younger than his brother, was as a baby compared to him in hardihood, and knowledge of the world—if such a remark can be construed as applicable to a young gentleman rising eleven.

Cyras, with his own white handkerchief kept wiping the suffering nose, kissing Charley between the eyes.

"Charley, dear," he began, between the latter's sobs, "if I hit you sometimes, it isn't that I want to hurt you, for I love you very much, better than anything in the world. You mustn't mind my hitting you; I'm used to hit; and it'll teach you to be a man."

"Yes," breathed Charley, clinging closer to Cyras, whom, in spite of the latter's imperiousness, he dearly loved. "I know you don't do it to hurt me."

"No, that I don't. There's not a soul in the house cares for you as I do, and I'll stand by you always, through thick and thin."

"Mamma cares for me, Cyras."

"After her fashion," returned Mr. Cyras. "She makes a girl of you, and puts you up to the skies. But I'll fight for you, Charley; I'll never let a hair of your head be touched when we go together to Eton or Rugby, whichever it's to be."

"I hope I shall get brave, like you, Cy. I think I shall, when I am as big as you; nurse says you were not much better than me when you were as little."

"Oh, my blest, though," returned Cyras, not pleased with the remark; "she'd better say that to me. I never was a molly, Charley, I never had the chance to be, no nurse must have said it to humor you. Why now, only see what a girl they make of you; they keep you in those dandy velvet dresses with a white frill. A white frill! and they don't let you stir out beyond the door, unless there's a woman at your tail to see you don't fall, or don't get lost, or some such nonsense. And then look at mamma, taking you up to her pew on a Sunday! Never was such a spectacle seen before, in Denham Cathedral, as for a chap of your age to sit in the ladies' seats. I'd rather be one of those snobs, than I'd be made a molly of."

"Don't call me a molly, Cy," sobbed the child.

"It's not your fault," returned Cyras, kissing him still. "It's theirs. You have got a brave heart, Charley, for you won't tell a lie, and you'll be brave every when they'd let you. I'll make you so, I'll teach you, and I'll love you better than all of them put together. Does it pain you now, Charley dear?"

"Not much. I was frightened."

A little while longer they sat there. Cyras soothing the still sobbing child, stroking his hair, wiping his eyes, whispering endearing names; and then they got up, and he led him affectionately towards the deanery, which was contiguous to the cathedral.

A couple of pretty girls they looked when they got into the well-lighted residence. Each their faces smeared with blood, Charley's velvet dress and his "white frill," and Cyras's shirt front; for the latter, in his carousal, had not escaped catching the stains. The dean and Lady Grace had not entered, and Cyras snatched Charley into the nursery.

"Oh, my patience!" uttered the nurse, who was sitting there with a little lady of six, Gertrude Baumgarten. "You wicked boys! What have you been up to? This is your week, I know, Master Cyras!"

"Le it," retorted Cyras. "Who gave you leave to know?"

Gertrude backed in fear against the wall, her eyes, haughty and blue as were her mother's, wide open with astonishment. She did not like the appearance of things, and she began to cry.

"Now, don't be such a little stupid!" exclaimed Cyras; "there's nothing to cry for, Charley's nose bled, and it got on to our clothes."

"Yes, it's me that's hurt, nurse," put in Charley, remembering his grievances and giving way again. "It isn't Cyras."

"Of course it's not," indignantly returned the nurse; "what harm does he ever come to? You have been striking him, that's what you have been doing, Master Cyras."

"It's nothing to you, if I have," retorted Cyras, in choler. "You just say it again, though, and I'll strike you." He declined to say it was not, or to defend himself, he was by far too indifferent a temperament.

A loud, sharp scream from Charley; his nose had again begun bleeding again; and at that moment there was another interruption. The

room door opened, and the dean and his wife entered; the former wearing his surplice and hood still, and carrying his trencher, for they had been hurriedly disturbed by the noise as they came in from the cathedral.

The nurse, whose temper was not a remarkably calm one, and who disliked the daring Cyras, was busy getting hot water and a basin.

"Look at him, my lady, look at him," cried she, "and it's Master Cyras's doing."

"What does all this mean?" demanded the dean, his eyes wandering from one boy to the other, from their clothes; "what is it, I ask?"

The dean might ask, but he was none the nearer getting an answer. Charley, his head over the basin, was crying in fear and excitement, and never heard the question; and Cyras had one of his independent, obstinate fits coming on, and would not open his lips in explanation or self-defence.

"How dared you hit him?" exclaimed Lady Grace, turning to Cyras. "You are growing a perfect little savage!" and raising her delicately gloved hand in the heat of the moment, she struck Master Cyras some tingling blows upon his cheeks. Dr. Baumgarten, deeming possibly that to stand witness of the scene did not contribute to the dignity of the Dean of Denham, just escaped from service in his cathedral, turned away, calling upon Cyras to follow him.

It was not Cyras, however, who followed the dean, it was Lady Grace. He had gone to his own study, had laid down his cap, and was taking off his sacred vestments himself, dispensing with the customary aid of his servant. His wife closed the door.

"Dr. Baumgarten, how is this to end?" she asked.

"What do you mean, Grace?"

"I mean about Cyras; but you know very well, without my telling you. The boy has been indulged and pampered until he is getting the mastery of us all. He positively struck Gertrude the other day. The system that you pursue with that boy is most pernicious; and it will surely be his ruin. You cannot see his failings, you supply him with an unlimited command of money."

"Unlimited?" interrupted the dean. "You speak without thought, Grace."

"I think too much," she replied. "I have abstained hitherto from serious remonstrance, for if ever I have interfered by a word, you have persisted in attributing it to a jealous feeling, because he is not my own child. But I now tell you that something must be done; if that boy is to stop in the house and rule it, I won't. I will not allow him to ill-treat Charles; I will not, I say."

"Peace, Grace; remember the day."

"I do not forget it. Your son did, probably, when he struck Charles. If you have any feeling for your other children, Dr. Baumgarten, you will take measures by which this annoyance may be put a stop to; it is to me most irritating."

Lady Grace left the room, and the dean rang the bell, despatching the servant who answered it for Master Baumgarten. Cyras had not yet gone the length of disobeying his father's mandates, and attended as soon as he had been, what the nurse called, "put to rights," meaning his unsightly shirt exchanged for a clean one. Charley, his nose shiny and swollen, but himself otherwise in order, stole in after him.

"Now, Cyras," began the dean, "we must have an explanation, and if you deserve punishment, you shall not escape it. I did not think my boy was a coward, who would ill-treat his younger brother."

The color flashed into the cheeks of Cyras, and a light into his eyes. But he would not speak.

"Come hither, Charles. Do you see his face, sir?" added the dean, taking the child's hand. "Are you not ashamed to look at it, and to reflect that you have caused him all this grief and pain?"

"Papa," interrupted Charles, "it was not Cyras who hurt me. It was the snobs."

"It was—the what?" slowly uttered the dean, his dignity taking a little aback.

"Those charity boys. I was with the college boys in the cloisters, and they set upon us; there were five or six upon me all at once, papa, and I dare say they would have killed me, only Cyras came up and fought with them, because I was not strong enough. And then he sat down and nursed me as long as I was frightened, and that's how the blood got upon his clothes."

The dean looked from one to the other.

"Was it not Cyras who hurt you, then? I scarcely understand."

"Cyras loves me too much to hurt me," cried Charley, lifting his beautiful, deeply-set brown eyes, just like Cyras's, just like the dean's, to his father's face. "He was kissing me all the time in the cloisters; he was so sorry I was hurt; and he says he loves me better than anybody else in the world, and he'll pay off that biggest snob the first time he sees him. Don't you, Cyras?"

The boy turned earnestly to Cyras. Cyras looked red and foolish, not caring to have his private affections betrayed for the public benefit, and he roughly shook off Charley. Dr. Baumgarten drew Cyras to him, and fondly pushed his hair from his forehead.

"Tell me about it, my boy."

"Charley was just talking to some of the college boys, papa, and those horrid charity snobs—"

"Stop a bit. What do you mean by 'snobs'—a very vulgar word, Cyras. Of whom do you speak?"

"Oh, you know that big charity school, papa; well, they are always setting on to the college boys, and they came up to the cloisters this evening, and Charley, being with the boys, got in for his share of pummeling, and I beat the fellows off him. That's all."

"Why did you not say this to your mamma in the nursery? You made me angry with you for nothing."

Cyras shook back his head with a somewhat defiant movement.

"Mamma's often angry with me for nothing, as far as that goes. I don't care. And as to nurse," he added, dawning a warning gesture of the dean's, "she's always telling stories of me."

"Now what do you mean by saying 'I don't care'? It is very wrong to be indifferent, even in speech."

"I mean nothing, papa," laughed the boy. "Only I can fight my own battles against nurse, and I will. She has no business to interfere with me; let her concern herself with Charles and Gertrude."

The dean left the boys together, and went in search of his wife. He found her in her chamber. She had taken off her out-door things, and was now in her dinner dress. The attendant quitted the room as he entered it.

"Grace," said he, going up to her, "there has been a misapprehension, and I have come to set you right. Charley got into an affray with some strange boys in the cloisters (the details of which I shall make it my business to inquire into,) and Cyras defended him against them—going into them no doubt like a young lion, for he possesses uncommon spirit; too much of it. We have been casting blame to Cyras unnecessarily."

Lady Grace lifted her eyes to her husband. She knew him to be an honorable man (putting out of the question his divinity and his deanship), and that he would not assert a thing but in perfect good faith.

"What did they mean, then? Why did not Cyras speak?"

"His spirit in fault again, I suppose; too proud to defend himself against an unjust imputation," replied the dean. But the dean was wrong, unhappily; Cyras was too carelessly indifferent to defend himself. The dean continued: "I ordered Cyras before me, and began taking him to task; Charles, who had come in with him, spoke eagerly up, saying Cyras had fought for him, to defend him from his assailants, not against him. You should have heard the child, Grace, telling how Cyras sat down and nursed him afterwards in the cloisters, kissing him and wiping the blood from his face and whispering him how he loved him better than anything else in the world. Grace, those two will be affectionate, loving brothers, if we do not mar it."

Lady Grace felt that she had committed an injustice in striking Cyras, besides having been guilty of an unkind-like action, and perhaps she felt more contrition at the moment than the case really warranted.

"How 'mar it'?" she faltered.

The dean put his arm round his wife's waist ere he replied.

"Grace, you best know what is in your heart; whether there is not a dislike towards Cyras ranking there. I think there is, and that the feeling makes you unjust to him; if you be not very cautious, it will sow dissension between the children."

Grace Baumgarten burst into tears, and laid her face upon her husband's; she loved him almost as passionately as she had ever done.

"Ryle," she whispered, "if there be any such feeling in it, it is born of my love for you."

He smiled to himself.

"I know it, my dearest; but it is not the less inexcusable. You cannot bear to think that another was once my wife, and that he is her child. Grace, she has been dead for years, so long as almost to have faded from remembrance; surely you might let your jealousy die out and not visit it upon him."

"But you do indulge him, Ryle; you indulge him to his own—I was almost going to say destruction—but perhaps that is too strong a word. You indulge him more than is good for his benefit, far more than you do our own children."

"Nay, Grace, surely not; the idea—forgiveness—must have its rise but in yourself, in this feeling I have spoken of. Or, it may be, that knowing you dislike him, I am the more kind. Perhaps it is."

"I cannot help fancying, when I see you so lavish in your affection for him, that you loved her better than you love me," murmured Lady Grace.

He turned her face up to his, and kissed it many times, telling her between whiles that she was "a goose," and "worse than a baby."

The Very Reverend the Dean of Denham groans the scandalized reader. Good reader, it may not have been your fortune to know a dean in private life. It has been mine, and I can assure you they are not a whit different from ourselves. And Dr. Baumgarten, remember, was handsome, and young, for a dean; not quite forty.

Lady Grace was right, and the dean was right. The one in saying that the dean reprehensibly indulged Cyras; the other in believing that Lady Grace disliked him. Unconsciously perhaps to himself, the dean was indignantly fond of Cyras, and always had been; he did indulge him very much, especially in the fact of supplying him with a large amount of pocket-money. Cyras was naturally extravagant, and it made him more so—it induced a habit of carelessness of money; and the indulgence fostered his self-will. Lady Grace's aversion was calculated to render him more indifferent than he was by nature; it was the chief cause of his acting the tyrant to his brother, so much more cared for in the home circle (the dean excepted) than he; while he was getting into a habit of untruthfulness and deceit, in hiding his faults from her.

Altogether, with Cyras Baumgarten's peculiar qualities and temperament, he was being brought up in about the worst manner he could well be. And yet, the boy might have been made into a good and honorable man, had they gone the right way to work. Poor Edith! could she look on at this lower world?

V.  
In the handsome drawing-room of their town residence, Berkeley Square, sat the Dean of Denham and Lady Grace Baumgarten. They had entered the room almost at the same moment, dressed to receive guests. The dean gave a dinner party that day, and the hour, named for it, was drawing nigh.

Years have elapsed, and the dean, a man of fifty now, is more portly than he was wont to be, but Lady Grace carries her age well, and looks not a day older than the period a woman never confesses to having passed—five-and-thirty. But in the dean's face there is a look of anxious care; what can the flourishing Dean of Denham have to cross him?

A vast deal more than the world at large suspected. Gifted with an aristocratic wife, and she with aristocratic tastes and habits, the dean had fallen long and long ago into a more expensive rate of living than his means warranted. Embarrassment followed, as a necessary consequence; trifling enough at first, and easily staved off—not done away with, staved off. But the staving-off plan does not answer; it is something like the nails in the horse-shoe, doubling as they went on; and Dr. Baumgarten had now attained to a height of perplexity in his pecuniary affairs, not frequently reached by a dignitary of the Church.

Half the labor of his later life had been to hide it from Lady Grace, and he had in a great measure succeeded. He could not avoid knowing that they were in debt, but she had no conception to what extent, and debt is rather a fashionable complaint. She also found that the dean invariably ran short of ready money, but that is nothing uncommon either.

What of Cyras Baumgarten? He had given trouble—was it likely to be otherwise? It had always been the dean's intention that Cyras should follow his own calling, the Church. Cyras knew of this, but had not given himself the trouble to object, although never intending to fall in with it. Make a parson of him! dress him up in a black coat and a white choker! the young gentleman was wont to say behind the dean's back—no; he'd rather go in for the crown at Astley's; he'd rather be a jockey at Newmarket! he'd rather how timber in the backwoods of America! he'd rather perch himself on a three-legged stool at a dark desk in a City office! None of those fellows need have a conscience, but a parson must, and so he'd leave the Church to those who liked conscience. The treason was reported to the dean, and he had Cyras before him; the boy was seventeen then, and had not grown less reckless with his advancing years. Though, in spite of the dean's opinion to the contrary, the objection proved that Cyras was not so totally devoid of conscience as some might have been. A serious dispute took place between him and his father, which came to no amicable adjustment, for the dean was positive and Cyras obstinate. Following close upon this, a worse matter was disclosed; it was discovered that Cyras, young as he was, had contracted debts to the tune of three or four hundred pounds. The anger of the dean was terrible; it was whispered in the house that he laid his stick about Cyras, rowing he should study for the Church, or be discarded; but whether this was true or not, even Lady Grace could not say. In the consternation arising from the disclosure of the debts, the ill-feeling that ensued upon the variance between father and son, Cyras disappeared, and when he was next heard of, it was as a sailor on board a ship, on his voyage to New Zealand. He had shipped himself as a common sailor, before the mast, and it was said had chiselled a drunken sailor out of his paper and had passed them off as his own, to enable him to do so. The ship came back, but not Cyras; he remained at New Zealand; in a merchant's house, he sent word home; and the dean transmitted him some money. Four years after, at twenty-one, he was back again, gay, rattling, reckless as of old; but exceedingly handsome, exceedingly like what the dean had been before him. This was a few months previous to the dinner, for which the dean and Lady Grace are now waiting.

It was a formal dinner party, one periodically given by Dr. Baumgarten to a few nearly superannuated lights of the Church, who came in their mitred carriages with their old wives beside them; it was not at all one of those delighted in by Lady Grace; neither Charles (but he was



Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together and to rest in her bosom.

"Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me—just a little."

"Tell me what it is."

"I have a cousin, an only relative, and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly. She is five years younger than I, and she lives in a farmer's house in the south country. Poverty parted us, and she knows nothing of my fate—for I cannot write—and if I could, how should I tell her? It is better as it is."

"What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind, strong face, which gives me so much support, is this: If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time; she may even live to be old."

"What then, my gentle sister?"

"Do you think—the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance fill with tears, and the lips part a little more and tremble—that it will seem long to me while I wait for her in the better land, where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?"

"It cannot be, my child; there is no time there, and no trouble there."

"You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant! Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?"

"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, brief constancy in the patient face. She goes next before him—she is gone; the knitting women count Twenty Two.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great wave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe—a woman—had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:

"I see Barred and Cly, Defarge, The Vengeance, the Juryman, the Judge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long years to come, I see the evil of this time, and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out."

"I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous, happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see her, with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old man, so long my friend, in ten years' time enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward."

"I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day. I see her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their last earthly bed, and I know that each was not more honored and held sacred in the other's soul than I was in the soul of both."

"I see that child who lay upon her bosom and bore my name, a man, winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blows I threw upon it faded away. I see him, foremost of just judges and honored men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place—then far to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement—and I hear him tell the child my story with a tender and a flattering voice."

"It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

THE END.

CHARLES KEAN.—During a visit to Exeter a ludicrous incident occurred. Kean had a favorite Newfoundland dog, named Lion, who accompanied him everywhere, and usually remained in his dressing-room while he was on the stage. One evening, during "Richard III," the door happened to be left open, and Lion heard the well-known voice in loud excitement. He trotted out, and appeared at the wing just as Richard and Richmond were on the point of engaging in the last scene. Lion growled at his master's antagonist, exhibited his teeth, and rushed furiously forward, whereupon the terrified Richmond, deeming the odds too serious, fled from the field and was seen no more. Kean, being left without an antagonist, was obliged to fall and die unwounded. Lion bestrode his master in triumph, licking his face and barking vociferously while the curtain fell, amidst a roar of laughter and applause. Richard was then unanimously summoned before the curtain; presenting himself, he made his bow, and retired. Loud calls continued for the dog, but Lion having enacted his untutored role, declined a second appearance.

THE MATRIMONIAL CODE.—The Husband reigns, but it is the Wife who governs.—Punch.

## THE DOOMED SKATER.

We had cast our lot, my twin-brother and myself, in the roughest township of Upper Canada. Twenty years are in their grave since then—twenty years, rung out and rung in by the clang of the woodman's axe—and still that township lies in the heart of its primeval forest. Clotted woods overhang the solitary village, composed of a few log-huts, nightly drenched, as with a death-sweat, from the malarious of the swamp.

A river left the huge tangle of the woods with its dark sluggish waters, which crept and coiled among decaying trees on either side. Banks there were none, and the bleached skeletons of the rotten trees alone marked off the channel of the river from the dark fen, field with myriad impurities. Such was the aspect of the melancholy Scungog. Our village was by no means a large one. The scattered huts which made it up had been knocked together by a sprinkling of hardy pioneers, on a solitary bluff which repelled the river from its base, and gave to fearless settlers some ground of vantage over the surrounding swamp. There was not, however, much cleared ground—very little, everywhere we were hemmed in by battalions after battalions of monstrous trees. Not all the pioneer industry of the world could cut an open way through their ranks. Like brave hearts on a battle-field, when one serried line fell, yet another had arisen in their place. As for our fellow settlers, we found them of a piece with the country—rough and hardy, as they had need to be who, twenty years ago, colonized the Scungog.

We were twins, Jack and I, but otherwise unlike. He was a fine fellow; I, on the contrary, was a small, thin, and somewhat effeminate. He was a free spirit, and his life, free spirit. From his childhood he had been the most impulsive creature that ever pointed a moral for hoarding youth. Ever in scrapes and difficulties, but never to his dishonor, Jack fought one half his acquaintance into loving him, which the rest did of their free will; and my heart still warms involuntarily towards the wild impulsive boy, with his headstrong soul all agog for mischief.

I confess I was somewhat dismayed by the aspect of our new country, fresh from the sunny lanes of Kent, and the loved circle at home, could it be otherwise? But as for Jack, he was in raptures with everything that disquieted me. Nothing was more charmingly romantic than our lot on the bluff, and no river could equal the brown, bankless melancholy Scungog.

We did not settle down to the regulation life of a settler all at once; we determined to sip the nectar of life on the Scungog. If, indeed, there was any of that ambrosial draught to be drained in the township. The fascination of the swift canoe kept us almost constantly on the dark mysterious river, and, in truth, there was scarcely any other outlet from our dwelling save on its waters. By day, we fished and we shot from our frail skiffs; and by night, when the moon was up, we would paddle them in her silvery wake.

I have said that a few rough settlers formed our society on the Scungog; among them were some half-breeds—a species of degenerate Indian—who had sunk from the dignity of forest-life to the servitude and buffeting of the white settlers. They were lazy, good for nothing fellows, except in the matter of fishing or shooting, wherein they were proficient. We found them useful in giving instruction in the canoe-life of our river-homes. I preferred, for my own part, to go pretty much by myself on our water excursions. Jack, however, had no such idea of placid enjoyment, and speedily leaving me to my aquatic reveries, he hired a long dog looking sounder named Oliver to assist him in the management of his canoe. I am a great disciple of Lavater, but I never liked that half-breed. All those dogs of Indian nobility are sallow, bleary-eyed creatures, with a world of cunning, but this fellow was chief of them all for every repulsive trait. Of course, Jack ridiculed my sentiments about his new servant; he was a match for half a dozen, twenty fellows like Oliver, he said, and it was all right, and I was not to bother my head about him.

It was getting late in the fall; the Indian summer—that beautiful dream of loveliness—had restored to us in exuberant beauty the glories of a Canadian autumn. The forests were as gay with color as a herald's tabard, and the air was yet balmy with the lingering sweetness of summer. One exquisite evening, born of one of these lovely days, I was listlessly smoking as I lay on the top of the bluff, vacantly sketching home-landscapes in the dark Scungog rolling beneath. A mouse shot round the bend of the river below the village; it was paddled by a solitary figure, who turned out to be Jack. I knew he had gone down the Scungog to fish along with Oliver, but now no half-breed squatted in the opposite end of the canoe. A vague dread seized upon me as Jack, running his little back sheer up the bank, shouldered his paddle, and marched up to me.

"How now, Jack? what have you done with your charming companion?" I inquired, disguising my conjectural fear.

"Gad! I don't know," replied my brother, sitting down, oriental fashion, beside me.

"Not know?"

"Not a bit," was his answer. "He should I be acquainted with all the inn-keepers of that Rosamond's Bower?" Here he indicated as much forest with his arm as would have made a few thousands of the Bow-wow question.

"Oh, I perceive; he's gone tracking deer, or something of that sort," said I, immensely relieved by Jack's manner. There was a slight pause. My fears returned; I felt there was something wrong.

"Well," said Jack, "I'll tell you I don't see why there need be any secret about it. You were quite right about that Oliver—yes, really. He's a good-for-nothing fellow, and quite coolly refused this afternoon to paddle me, when I wanted to go down the river a bit further than usual."

"And you?"

"I ran the canoe upon a yard of bank—whether an island or not, I cannot tell—gave the insolent rascal a good bastinado with the paddle, and set him ashore."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed with horror,

"Don't you know, Jack—haven't you sense enough to understand—that those Indian fellows are vindictive to the last degree—that they will never forget or forgive a blow?"

"Pugh!" said he, getting up quite merrily, and marching homewards, saying over his shoulder: "Oh, you don't bother yourself! Oliver will be down on his marrow-bones to-morrow—see if he isn't. Besides, I owe him half a dollar."

To-morrow came, unfruitful with the half-breed's submission. The story got abroad amongst the huts, and the old settlers, who knew their man, shook their heads ominously, and boded no good to my impulsive brother. However, two days passed harmlessly, during which Jack and I fished and shot together. Oliver had not reappeared, and I began to breathe more freely. Doubtless, he had left the district. He was an unsettled fellow at any rate, and had no property or tie in the village to tempt his stay.

Twenty miles below the village, the dark Scungog whitens into rapids, and is hurled with gigantic power over a lofty precipice. I had often wished to see the falls, but it had been hitherto impossible to accomplish the distance by my single arm. At last my wish was to be gratified. A shooting-party was made up by some of the villagers, and, at my urgent request, I was included. The arrangement was to spend a night at the falls, camping out on the bank, and return the following day. Instead of canoes, we were to sail down in large flat-bottomed boats, termed, in Canadian parlance, a scow. Strange to say, Jack did not care about going, saying that he would enjoy himself more in his own canoe; and, as we were already crowded for room, we did not press him to change his resolution.

Our expedition had little in it noteworthy. The river for over twenty miles' sail remained the same, monotonous, melancholy Scungog, never varying for the space of a hand. Not a vestige of clearance was there between our village and the falls, not a glimpse of bank. The trees lined the waters like a wall, and, save the wild game, no one ever tried to force a way through their close-knit ranks, wooded at the base by a tangle of unwholesome verdure. This aspect I had stern reason for remembering. The only bright thing was the patch of cloudless blue sky seen at the extremity of this long reach of wood and water. Over all brooded the intensest silence. No bird trilled us a single song; all was still, save for the lugubrious woodpecker, which, perched on a rotting tree, hammered its hollow sides with its beak. Tap, tap, tap—it was a most unearthly sound.

We had seen the stupendous falls in their lonely majesty, and were steering homewards in our scow. As we neared the village again, distant only some five or six miles, the sun was sinking behind the tree horizon. A slight blue haze bathed the long reaches of the river with ineffable softness and beauty. We voyaged on a liquid field of cloth of gold. But ever and again, marring my intense perception of its loveliness, came the ghastly tap, tap, tap of the woodpecker. I could not resist a chilly sensation of horror as I listened to the measured cadence, echoing through the solitude. It sounded like a coffin-maker hammering at his dismal task. A relief suggested itself. Some of my companions were French Canadians, and the evening before had cheered our bivouac with some gay refrains of sunny France. I asked them for a stave; but I said nothing about the woodpecker, whose note I wished them to drown. A strong chorus soon vanquished the bird of ill omen, and rang up the vaulted river. I recollect the strain well: it was a favorite *copseurs*' ditty, sung to the dash of the oar, and began—

Mon joli canot blanc.

Rames, rames, rames.

Suddenly the song lulled, and again I shuddered as I heard the reverberating tap, tap of my ominous bird aloft on a spectral fir. My companions had ceased rowing, too, and called my attention to a canoe, which was floating down the river a few yards ahead of us. They thought it was a break-bow, and stood by to strike a boat hook into it, with the prospect of a reward from the owner up at the village. It soon dropped down to us, and came, like the note of that ghostly woodpecker, tapping against our skiff. There was a stifled cry of horror from the settler at the bow; and as we crowded forward to see what was the matter, another cried out the awful tale of blood: "Here, young fellow, see your brother—stalked by Oliver, as sure's there's death in a rifle-bullet!"

It was an awful end! My poor brother lay bent over his life paddle in the canoe, weltering in his heart's blood. An avenging bullet had passed through his heart. Stalked by Oliver! Fiendish Indian, that was thy work, and my brother's blood rested on thy head. I shall not now detail the agonies of that Indian summer. Through all my grief ran the thought of an exterminating vengeance. Vengeance! nay, scant justice. I sought what has been law since the world began—blood for blood. It was vain in those early times of a judicial system in Canada to seek for a rigorous pursuit from the dispensers of legal justice; the criminal executive might be willing, but their arm was weak. Retribution, in the trackless wild of wood and water where I dwelt, could proceed only from my own steady purpose and solitary endeavor.

I could depend for but small aid on the settlers. Some of them, indeed, cursed the foul murder in no stinted speech; but others again imputed little crime to the blood-stained red-skin, and even went so far as to justify his sneaking deed of vengeance. Oliver had left the district, but a certain instinct told me he would ere long come back again. Likely enough he would suppose I could not long remain in a place to which such hateful memories clung, and that he might then safely venture back. I waited my time. Safe he would be in the tangled thicket; but, to the end, I knew that no covert under heaven would preserve him harmless from my wrath.

Winter set in, hard, and white, and cold. The river Scungog was a level road of ice; the trees were choked up with snow, and on each side of the ice-bound river the forests towered like massive cliffs of chalky rock. No path could now be forced into the recesses of the

forest below our village. Scarcely had winter settled down for his undisturbed reign than I heard whisperings that the villain half-breed was again hovering on the outskirts of the settlement. It was told me that he was living in a kind of wigwam above the village, and also that he had more than once come to the very dwellings of the settlers by night, to visit his friends, and obtain various articles for his camp. I knew it would be vain to attempt to track him to his wigwam, or, at all events, to surprise him; his wood-craft was much too deep to admit of such a possibility. But a strange, wild joy trembled through my being when I heard he came by night to the village. A terrible scheme of vengeance swept across my soul; and I felt, no matter how fiendish the spirit, that the doom of the half-breed was fixed, and that I was to be his unrelenting executioner.

I have said that the river, below our settlement, was bordered by an impenetrable forest, without symptom of clearing or the abode of man. The drifted snow, lying in deep masses on each side of the river, up even to the tops of the trees, rendered this impenetrability still more appalling and stubborn. The forest which lined the ice-bound Scungog supported a solid wall of frozen snow. For twenty miles the river, with its wooded banks, was nothing more or less than a funnel of ice and snow.

Night after night I lay concealed at the bluff, awaiting the murderer; I was armed with pistols, and wore skates. Skating was an amusement which I had excelled in when a schoolboy, and facility in the art was of the first importance to my scheme of retribution. At length he came. It was an exquisite night; the white expanse around sparkled in the sheen of a young Canadian moon, which sailed calmly through a cloudless sky. I could have shot the villain as he skated by me within fifty yards, but I would not risk the chance, and besides my vengeance cried for a sterner fate than death by the pistol. No sooner was he past my hiding-place, than, with a shout of exultation, I started on his track. Oliver swerved a moment, to see who his pursuer was, then, quick as lightning, tried to double up the river again. But I had anticipated this, and with a cocked pistol in either hand, I barred his passage. With a curse, he turned, and sped swiftly down the ice.

And now the race for life began. Mile after mile we swept along in silence. An awful portentous silence it was, through which nothing broke save the hollow bottom of the swift steed cutting its way over the imprisoned Scungog. The moon lit me nobly to my vengeance. He could not escape me, for I found with my savage glee that I was a match for the swift-footed Indian. Oliver soon became aware of this too, for, now and then, he would skate close to the woods, looking in vain for an aperture. But no; there was but one outlet from the river wall in river; and that was over the falls!

Faster and faster yet we skated towards the cataract. It could not be far off. I pictured to myself what Oliver's thoughts might be. Did he know whether he was hastening? or had he awful lights yet to flash on his guilty mind? The half-breed made answer to my thought. I saw him in the pale shimmer starting convulsively, and throw his arms in the air; but he dared not stop, and on he dashed again with a yell of despair, which echoed weird-like up the frozen channel. Another sound came to my ear, and I knew what had caused that cry of agony to burst from Oliver; it was the dull thunder of the falls! We were nearing them fast—still the walls of snow shut in my victim, and every moment lessened his frail hopes of escape. One chance was left him—to distance me, and hide somewhere in the snow from my scrutiny. Vain hope, the wings of the bird could scarce have saved him!

Hoarser and louder grew the noise of the waters. If I thanked the Almighty in frantic prayer that the murderer was delivered into my hand, I humbly trust that it is forgiven me now. From the time I had first started on Oliver's track, we had maintained exactly the same distance between us—perhaps about a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards. I still grasped my loaded pistols, ready for any stratagem on the part of the murderer.

And now the crash of the falls came loud and ominous on the air. Another five minutes would decide the hunt. Suddenly, Oliver turned and stood at bay. He was not armed; I had felt certain of that all along, for otherwise he would have measured strength with me before. Without bating my pace, I skated down upon him, holding a levelled pistol in each hand. Still, my purpose was as fixed as ever only to shoot the villain as a last resource. When I was within twenty yards of him, the coward faltered, and again turned swiftly down the river. With a yelling laugh I pursued him, pressing still more hotly on his track.

Deafening was the roar of the cataract; high into the pale sky ascended the mist of its spray, through which the splintered lines of the moonlight darted in rainbow-tinted beauty. I could see directly in front the jagged line of the ice, where it was broken by the rapids immediately above the cataract, and beyond I could trace the dark volume of the Scungog, as it emerged from its prison of ice and snow. For an instant the half-breed turned his face towards me, as I pressed with concentrated hate on his footsteps; never shall I forget the horrible despair that distorted the villain's features. It was a mercy that the sullen roar of the falls drowned his curses—I knew he was shrieking curses on me—for they would have haunted me in after-years.

With the courage which is begotten of the darkest despair, he dashed on to the brink of the rapids, and the next moment I was alone on the ice! I gazed with stern joy on the dark flood which had seized in its resistless hands the shudder of blood, and was hurrying him over the falls. For a moment, I thought I could perceive the murderer struggling in the eddies; but the illusion, if it was one, could live only for an instant. The cataract was within pistol-shot, and as I turned up the dreary wilderness of ice and snow, I knew that the doom of the guilty skater had been fulfilled.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 192—Adults 85, and children 97.

## A NEWFOUNDLAND AND BULL-DOG STORY.

The Newfoundland dog's name was Tippeco. The bull-dog's name was Boxer. They were neighbors of mine in early life, and I was personally acquainted with both animals—though on widely different grounds of intimacy. Tippeco was my bosom friend, and I loved him. Boxer was Tippeco's most relentless and cruel enemy, for which reason I hated him, and would have sought his blood, but that—being of tender years and cautious temperament, conscious, moreover, of presenting an appetizing display of bare leg, insisted on by the sumptuary laws of the period—I thought it possible that he might take a fancy to mine; and so, as a rule, kept discreetly out of his way. For he was an ugly dog was Boxer, and a vicious; a bandy-legged, black-muzzled, truculent, nervous-eared, tight-skinned, implacable, ill-conditioned dog, very like my *beau idéal* of what the Champion of England ought to be. Terrible was the ferocity of his head-like eyes, and the aggressive protrusion of his gladiatorial chest. In justice to the dead (for I am happy to anticipate the announcement of the offensive brute's demise), I feel bound to say that he had a somewhat humorous expression of countenance, which I can honestly assert to be the only redeeming characteristic I remember to have noticed in the creature's generally repulsive appearance.

Tippeco was a very different kind of quadruped. I believe him to have been the most perfect gentleman that ever stood upon four legs, just as I believe Boxer to have been the most consummate ruffian that ever was lifted, by the agency of hemp-cord, from any number of those locomotive supports. Tippeco was nearly as tall as myself, I could just look over his glossy silken-ringed back, when cuddling his noble neck. He wore a full suit of black and white, particularly snowy at the bosom. He was as strong as a lion, and as gentle as a lamb. Next to playing with me, (which I am proud to believe was his favorite pastime,) he delighted in nothing so much as the exercise of carrying in his mouth a favorite cat, attached to the household of which he was so conspicuous a member, to the bottom of a steep lawn; then releasing, and running a race with her to the top. The cat was generally the winner, and always seemed to enjoy the triumph immensely. To this day I believe Tippeco made a point of running slowly on purpose, so as gallantly to concede victory to the weaker vessel.

Tippeco belonged to a country gentleman (a sort of "half-squire," as they would say in Ireland) who resided opposite to my father's house. In my opinion, and in that of the majority of my playmates, Tippeco was the most respectable inhabitant of the village, up to the advent of Boxer, who came among us unexpectedly, on a visit to Tippeco's master, in the train of a sporting lawyer of detestable memory. As soon as that subversive brute (Boxer—not the sporting lawyer), had made his appearance, we felt much as the loyal servants of King Louis the Sixteenth must have felt on the outbreak of the Great French Revolution. Monarchy was deposed in favor of blackguardism. But the blackguard was strong and merciless, with a set of terrible teeth, ever eager to bite. So that we poor little partisans of the ancient regime were fain to clench our impotent fists in secret.

Tippeco had no chance against Boxer. What is the use of a well-dressed gentleman, let him be never so strong or skillful in the use of his clenched digits, descending from his cabriolet to do battle with a scavenger armed with a mud shovel? He sedulously avoided Boxer, who, on his side, lost no opportunity of hunting out and persecuting Tippeco. Tippeco was losing character dreadfully. He neglected his food, kept his kennel, and was unanimously pronounced a coward of the most contemptible stamp. His very court flatterers (we were no better than the more material and ambitious of our species), began to blush for their sovereign's pusillanimity.

One day the masters of the two dogs stood on the lawn already alluded to, in amiable converse with a third person, no other than my own father, to whom I am indebted for the details of this instructive story. Boxer stood between his proprietor's legs, which, like his own, were bandy. I have the keenest recollection of those legs—master's and dog's—and I remember that the whole six were modelled upon the same pattern, which was one extremely distasteful to my feelings.

"Halloo!" said my father, "here comes Tip! We shall soon see him sneak away when he discovers Boxer. Dreadful coward, that big dog of yours, Matthews, to be sure."

"Well, he used not to be so," said Tippeco's master reluctantly, "but I must confess that since Wilkins has been here with his bull, the overgrown cur has made me ashamed of him."

"No call for that," said the bull-dog's master, "better dogs than Tip have farked at the sight of my Boxer. By Jove, though, he hasn't bolted yet! He'd better, or Boxer will murder him!"

Boxer certainly showed playful indications of a desire to attempt that experiment, by pricking up his ears and starting off at a brisk trot in the direction of Tippeco, who, however, to the astonishment of the spectators, made no movement towards recovering the shelter of his easily accessible kennel. On the contrary, he seemed to wait for and encourage his aggressor's attack.

"The dog's mad, clearly," said the lawyer.

"Looks like it," Mr. Matthews assented.

"He isn't acting like a dog in his senses."

"Getting very near the water though, for a mad dog," observed my father.

And in truth, to get near the water, was the main object of Tippeco, than whom a more thoroughly sane dog did not exist at that epoch of canine history.

approaching foe, sidled in a coquettish, serpentine manner towards the brink of this artificial stream.

There the bull-dog flew at and pinned him. Tippeco crouched on the grass prostrate, submitting to the outrage without a growl.

"Call him off, Wilkins," said Tippeco's master, in excited tones. "The purest Newfoundland in the county! I wouldn't have him injured for twenty pounds!"

"Hi! Boxer! Here, boy! Good dog! Let go!" the sporting lawyer clamored, as a shower of sticks and stones were launched by the trio of spectators to enforce the command.

But Boxer would not let go, and Tip would not resist or run. He merely kept on slipping, sidling, and lumbering towards the brink of the water, dragging the bull-dog with him by the mere inert force of his superior weight.

Suddenly a splash was heard, and the triumph of Boxer was at an end. The combatants had rolled together into the swift, deep current of the dyke, and there they speedily changed places. I say "speedily," narrating, as I do, an actual fact; though I am aware that it may seem to require some explanation, inasmuch as the grip of a bull-dog is supposed to be a final affair, lasting the life-time of the pinner or the pinned. I can only suggest that my gentlemanly friend Tippeco was from the first so completely on the alert as to prevent his ruffianly antagonist from getting a sure and firm hold. However that may be, Tippeco, released from custody, in his turn seized his assailant by the neck, held him under the water, and drowned him! The brave, sagacious water dog, wrongly imagined to be a coward, knew his own power in his own element, and had watched his opportunity. Would that we were all as wise!

Ere the just execution had been thoroughly accomplished Tippeco's glossy, patrician hide was pretty well cut to pieces by the missiles now hurled at him instead of his aggressor. But he received them all without a wince, till he felt that his enemy under the water was thoroughly dead. Then he brought the ignoble carcass out of the stream between his teeth, threw it on the grass with a jerk, and stood with his fore-paw resting on its flank with a calmly defiant expression, that might clearly be translated by the words—

"Now, let this dirty, ugly rascal presume to take liberties with his betters. Make the best of him as he lies there!"

I know this story to be a true one, for my father told it to me. Moreover, I remember exulting over the sight of the drowned Boxer's disfigured remains, (just the least thing in the world ashamed of the feeling, perhaps, but I certainly felt it) and doing my best to console my darling Tippeco for his unsightly wounds, by gifts of stolen refreshment—the best medicine I knew how to offer. I suppose that Tippeco, also, is dead by this time. Most of my early friends are, and it may be my turn next, as likely as not. I have finished for the present.

PAUL WARD.

## FOREIGN ITEMS.

The protest of the Moorish Government against the conduct of Spain in declaring war, is published. It asserts that the demands of Spain, in each instance, upon being conceded, were followed by increased pretensions; and also, Morocco protests against Spain because that, on three occasions, she paid no attention to her engagements, and declared war without legitimate notice.

A warlike article in the London Times of the 5th had produced a great sensation in France. The Paris journals generally say that the views set forth are exaggerations, and that the unfriendly feeling, if any exists, is entirely owing to the violence of the British press. The Paris correspondent of the Times, of Saturday, states that a confidential communication of an important nature has been addressed by the Minister of the Interior to all the prefects of France, with a view of obviating the effect produced in England by the violent language of the French press. The prefects are instructed to invite such journals to be more circumspect. The Minister says that a journal, while defending energetically the rights of the country, might easily avoid offending the susceptibilities of a great people by pursuing this line of conduct. Also, that the dignity of the imperial policy may be reconciled with the interests of the alliance of France and the maintenance of peace.

It is reported that Garibaldi is about to resign, and retire to the island of Sardinia. In confirmation of this, the London Post's correspondent says that Garibaldi had sent in his resignation of the command of the army of Central Italy. The King of Sardinia accepted it, and named him Lieutenant-General of the Sardinian army.

China is said to have virtually repudiated her newly ratified Treaty with this country, by refusing to open the ports of Suantop and Taiwan, as thereby stipulated. We believe, however, that, by the Treaty itself, the Chinese might thus refuse, while the dispute with France and England was still pending.

SENATOR SEWARD AND JOHN BROWN.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Times writes that Mr. Seward has arrived in that city, and indignantly denies ever having even heard of the projected insurrection of Harper's Ferry, and although he recollects having received a call from a man known as Col. Forbes, there was no mention made of such an attempt at insurrection. Col. Forbes asked him for means for another object, which he refused, and that was all he ever saw of the individual in question.

THEATRICAL LETTERS.—A hundred and twenty-five letters were received a week ago, by Governor Wise, in one day, all containing threats. If these are hoaxes, the abolition fanatics must be great practical jokers, John Brown, of course being the funniest joker of all.—Richmond Dispatch.

PLACING THE PEN BEHIND THE EAR.—The practice of thus resting the pen when not in actual use is ancient. According to Wilkinson, the scribe of ancient Egypt would clap his reed pencil behind his ear when listening to any person on business, as the painter was also in the habit of doing when pausing to examine the effects of his paintings. In the Middle Ages, also, public clerks and registrars carried a pen behind the ear.—Things Not Generally Known.

There are truths which some men despise because they have not examined them, and which they will not examine because they despise them.

Lamartine, in one of his articles, written since the Revolution of '48, declared that the fatal defect in French character, which made a permanent French Republic impossible, was lack of conscience.



## Wit and Humor.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

**A YOUNG FATHER.**—Certainly, if you have done Mr. Dismal the distinguished honor of christening your baby after him, you have a right to apply to that gentleman for a sovereign or two, in the child's name. The Marquis of Westminster usually sends a £5 note in such cases. The Nurse is the proper person to send to Grosvenor Gate.

**Edward Crocker** is very anxious for an introduction to a refined family, in which there are some elegant young ladies. His laudable object is not so much matrimony, for he has no money, as to be induced gradually to wear himself in the habits of inebriation, keeping his hat on in a room, wearing muddy boots, and smoking a short, clay pipe. He thinks that in time, if he had familiar access to such a household, he might be cured of some, if not all, of these practices. Any West End family desiring such a guest, can write to Mr. Punch.

**Amos Virtute** says that he never goes to a friend's house without feeling an almost irresistible desire to steal the spoons. He asks, is this a crime? Certainly not; it is more organization, and if you wish for the spoons, what are a few ounces of white metal, compared to a fellow-creature's happiness? No true friend would grudge you such a trifle.

**Maria.**—We can hardly advise you how to turn your Grecian nose into a *see retouche*, which you say Frederick likes; but something may be done by rubbing it upwards whenever you use your pocket handkerchief, and by thinking constantly of handsome girls than yourself.

**A YOUNG READER** is informed that the beautiful lines—

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour

are Lord Byron's. They occur in *Lalla Rookh*, where Frederick Dhu, the Last of the Goths, reproaches Clara Vere de Vere for idleness.

**Erasmus X.**—The author you name is one of the most virtuous as well as one of the handsomest men of the day, but he has already three wives, and is engaged six deep, your chance is almost hopeless. Still, send him the £500 note, under cover to us.

**LEONARD INQUEST** asks who is the author of the lines—

Twinkle, twinkle, little cow,  
How I wonder at you, how  
Up above the world so sweet,  
Warm, and fresh, and bright, and white

We do not remember to have met with them, but they read like Cowley.

**SARAH JANE DEDRINGE.**—Although we think that metaphysical disquisition is not properly within the range of a secular periodical, we have no objection to reply to your inquiry, and say that we do not believe corn plaster to be anything but palliatives, and that you must get the corn out.

**KIRKS.**—No person who wishes to be in health, will walk less than a quarter of a mile daily, unless the weather is bad, or the exertion exceedingly distasteful. The more sleep we take, the better. The poets have said, "How beautiful is sleep," and, besides, we know it without them.

**STENOGRAPHY.**—We have burned several houses, in consequence of his habit of reading after going to bed at night. He asks us whether he ought to discontinue the practice. We can only say, that if such trifles deter him from improving his mind, he has taken a name which he does not deserve.

**KNAVE OF CLUBS.**—Your friend may have been somewhat hasty in throwing the cards in your face, and knocking you down with the candlestick; but if we had been your opponent, and you had said "How hot," and your partner had played two hearts, we should have shed a tumbler at you.

**G. FLETCHER.**—We read all the plays you sent, and thought them very good; but, unfortunately, our landlady has disposed of them, by mistake, to a butter merchant whose name the poor woman cannot remember. You had better write some more, and keep copies this time.

**A THROTTLED GLAZIER.**—Divide the vertices of a polygon by the cube of arithmetical progression, and the product will be what you ought to pay for putty.

**A CHASTITY READER.**—Nay, with pleasure. Besides, it is not everyone's duty to inform those who are less instructed than himself? R. E. P. in an obituary means "Respected in the parish."

**POSTERITY.**—No, it is undoubtedly unlawful for you to fire a pistol at a person bringing you a writ, or a subpoena. We are not so sure about the case of a County Court summons; but you had better take counsel's opinion before discharging the weapon.

**J. V. P.**—Nothing is more snobbish than imagining offences, or taking them where they are not intended. If he called you an everlasting idiot, with no more brains than a pumpkin, and not half so much heart as a cabbage, we suppose it was only in playful badinage. If, as you say, it was before ladies, this proves it was only in fun; for who quarrels in their presence? You had better beg his pardon for having been irritated.

**KEOSAT** sends us a packet of original articles, and promises to send a hamper of game. If he will be kind enough to send the hamper, and send for the original articles, we shall be much obliged.

**A SORCERER ADMIRER.**—We don't want any advice; and if you don't like us, you needn't take us in. Is it you, do you think, or we, who are obliged by your paying threepence for a basket of unequalled wit and inimitable wisdom? Better consider that problem before you talk of patronising. We patronise you, and creation generally.

**BETTY.**—Go to bed.

**DANIEL AND PETERMAN.**—It is not a good thing to see two brothers so intimate and inseparable. When you see it, you may conclude that there are some discordable family secrets, which each is afraid the other will reveal if allowed to form a new friendship.

**BLACK EYED STEAK.**—And he had a perfect right to give you the black eye, if you used the language you mention. No man likes to be told that he is losing his figure.

**A YOUNG NATURALIST.**—A fungus is not a quadruped as your cousin asserts, but a uniped. We agree with you that the flavor is rather insipid, and so thought Lactantius Varro, when he wrote *Fungus non comest*.

**PURSE AND.**—With every disposition to promote the marriages of our fair correspondents, we are unable to agree with you, that a young gentleman's asking you whether you did not think Walworth a nice place to live in (he living there) is such an offer of marriage as will enable you to bring an action for breach of promise. Try to get him to become gushing. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

**SHARP PRACTICE.**—An Ohio correspondent becomes sponsor for the following, which, as a matter of fact, he wishes to put on record:—"W.—Is one of the richest men in those parts, and has made his money by driving sharp bargains. His hired man was one day going along with a load of hay, which he overthrown upon a cow. The poor thing was smothered to death before they could get her out. Her owner, Jones, called upon Mr. W.—the next day, and demanded payment for the loss of his cow."

"Certainly," said Mr. W.—"what do you suppose she was worth?"

"Well, about ten dollars," said Jones.

"And how much did you get for the hide and tallow?"

"Ten dollars and a half, sir."

"Oh, well, then you owe me just fifty cents."

Jones was mystified, and W.—very fierce in his demand, and before Jones could get the thing straight in his mind he forked over the money.

**THIRTY TWO HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.**—Scene—Library in the house of an elderly gentleman somewhere in Australia. Old gent telegraphs to the kitchen, and waiter ascends in a balloon.

"John, fly over to Calcutta and tell Mr. Johnson that I shall be happy to have him sup with me. Never mind your coat now. Go."

John leaves, and at the end of five minutes returns. "John," says Mr. Johnson, "he will come; he has got to go to St. Petersburg for a moment, and then he will be here."

"Very well, John. Now start the machine for setting the table, and telegraph to my wife's room, and tell her that Mr. Johnson is coming; then brush up my balloon, for I have an engagement in London at twelve o'clock."

John flies to execute his orders, and the old gentleman runs over to the West Indies for a moment to buy a fresh orange.

**SLEIST COMPANY.**—The Lowell Courier relates the following:—"We have frequently heard the advantages of keeping a pig spoken of, but the slang terms of expression were hardly so convincing as the argument which came to our ears a few days since while passing through one of the by ways of Lowell, inhabited chiefly by the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle. A new sty had been built for the comfort and convenience of a shoat, the property of Bridget Maloney, and Bridget's neighbor, Ellen Flaherty, had called to inspect the premises, during the progress of which we happened to be passing."

"An elegant sty," said Ellen, enthusiastically, "and the fine shoat—what company he'll be for when Patrick's away?"

**POSTHUMOUS PRACTICE.**—Old Mr. Scrubdies, and after his lamented decease a will is found in his strong box, bequeathing to Emily Woodbine, the belle of the village, beloved by Harry Honeyuckle, and loving him in return, an annuity of thirty thousand a year during her life, so long as she shall remain single and unmarried, the whole legacy, principal and interest, in the event of her marriage, to go to the Asylum of Idiots.

**WHAT THE BELLS SAY.**

"As the fool thinks, the bell tinkles." We are all prone to interpret facts and tokens in accordance with our own inclinations and habits of thought. It was not the voice of the bells that first inspired young Whittington with hopes of attaining civic honors; it was because he had conceived such hopes already that he was able to hear so distinctly the words, "Turn again, Whittington, three Lord Mayor of London."

"People make the bells say whatever they have a mind." (French). In a Latin sermon on widowhood by Jean Raulin, a monk of Cluny of the fifteenth century, there is a story which Raulin has told again in his own way. Raulin's version is this:—"A widow consulted her parish priest about her entering into a second marriage. She told him she stood in need of a helpmate and protector, and that her journeyman, for whom she had taken a fancy, was industrious and well acquainted with her late husband's trade. 'Very well,' said the priest, 'you had better marry him.' 'And yet,' rejoined the widow, 'I am afraid to do it, for who knows but I may find my servant become my master?' 'Well, then,' said the priest, 'don't have him.' 'But what shall I do?' said the widow, 'the business left me by my poor departed husband, I know not how I can manage by myself.' 'Marry him, then,' said the priest. 'Ay, but suppose he turns out a scamp,' said the widow. 'He may get hold of my property and run through it all.' 'Don't have him,' said the priest. Thus the dialogue went on, the priest always agreeing in the last opinion expressed by the widow, until at length, seeing that her mind was actually made up to marry the journeyman, he told her to consult the church bells, and they would advise her best what to do. The bells were rung, and the widow heard them distinctly say, 'Do take your man, do take your man.' Accordingly she went home and married him forthwith; but it was not long before he thrashed her soundly, and made her feel that instead of his mistress she had become his servant. Back she went to the priest, cursing the hour when she had been credulous enough to act upon his advice. 'Good woman,' said he, 'I am afraid you did not rightly understand what the bells said to you.' He rang them again, and then the poor woman heard clearly, but too late, those warning words: 'Do not take him, do not take him.'—*Adly's Fables of all Countries.*



## MOST OFFENSIVE!

**YOUNG TOOLIES**, who prides himself upon his being a "man of the world," and "by no means a marrying man," as well as upon his fine appearance in his new highland costume, is accosted one day at the railway station as follows:—

**PORTER** (with a baby's perambulator).—"If you please, sir, is this your n?"

(As Toolies told his intimate friend Noodles, afterwards, "It was lucky he survived the shock.")

## Agricultural.

### CHINESE AGRICULTURE.

In the eyes of the Chinese human excrements constitute the true substance of the soil, (so Davis, Fortune, Hodge, and others tell us,) and it is principally to this most energetic agent that they ascribe the activity and fertility of the earth.

Except the trade in grain, and in articles of food generally, there is none so extensively carried on in China as that in human excrements. Long, clumsy boats, which traverse the street canals, collect these matters every day, and distribute them over the country. Every Coolie, who has brought his produce to market in the morning carries home at night two pails full of this manure on a bamboo pole. The estimation in which it is held is so great that everybody knows the amount of excrements voided per man in a day, month, or year; and a Chinese would regard as a gross breach of manners the departure from his house of a guest who neglects to let him have that advantage to which he deems himself justly entitled, in return for his hospitality.

In the vicinity of large towns these excrements are converted into pondrotte, which is then sent to the most distant places, in the shape of square cakes, like bricks. For use these cakes are soaked in water, and applied in the field form. With the exception of his rice fields, the Chinese does not manure the field, but the plant.

Every substance derived from plants and animals is carefully collected by the Chinese, and converted into manure. Oil cakes, horn and bones are highly valued; and so are horn, and more especially ashes. To give some notions of the value set by them on human offal, it will be sufficient to mention that the barbers most carefully collect and sell, as an article of trade, the somewhat considerable amount of hair of the beards and heads of the hundreds of millions of customers whom they daily shave. The Chinese know the action of gypsum and lime; and it often happens that they renew the plastering of the kitchens, for the purpose of making use of the old matter for manure.

No Chinese farmer ever sows a seed of corn before it has been soaked in liquid manure diluted with water, and has begun to germinate; and experience has taught him (so he asserts) that this operation not only tends to promote the growth and development of the plant, but also to protect the seed from the insects hidden in the ground.

During the summer months all kinds of vegetable refuse are mixed with turf, straw, grass, peat, weeds and earth, collected into heaps, and, when quite dry, set on fire; after several days of slow combustion the entire mass is converted into a kind of black earth. This compost is only employed for the manuring of seeds. When seed time arrives one man makes holes in the ground; another follows with the seed, which he places in the holes; and a third adds the black earth. The young seed, planted in this manner, grows with such extraordinary vigor that it is thereby enabled to push its rootlets through the hard, solid soil, and to collect its mineral constituents.

The Chinese farmer sows his wheat, after the grains have been soaked in liquid manure, quite close, in seed beds, and afterwards transplants it. Occasionally, also, the soaked grains are immediately sown in the field properly prepared for their reception, at an interval of four inches from each other. The time of transplanting is towards the month of December. In March the seed sows up from seven to nine stalks with ears, but the straw is shorter than with us. I have been told that wheat yields one hundred and twenty fold more, which amply repays the care and labor bestowed upon it.

It is quite true that what suits one people may not on that account suit all countries and all nations; but one great and incontrovertible truth may, at all events, be learned from Chinese agriculture, viz.: that the fields of the Chinese cultivator have preserved their fertility unimpaired and in continued vigor ever since the days of Abraham, and of the building of

the first pyramid in Egypt.\* This result, we also learn, has been attained solely and simply by the restitution to the soil of the mineral constituents removed in the produce; or, what amounts to the same thing, that this has been effected by the aid of a manure, of which the greater portion is lost to the land in the system of European (and American) cultivation.—*Lucy's Modern Agriculture.*

\* Vessels of Chinese porcelain are found in the pyramids, of the same shape, and with the same characters of writing on them as on modern China at the present day.

**HOW TO MAKE AN OBSTINATE HORSE DRAW.**—A friend of mine was an eye witness of an instance of Yankee ingenuity winter before last in Northern Vermont. As it is fully an infallible method to make such a horse pull, and as it may be of use to many of your subscribers in a similar case, I give it to you, as follows:—

As my friend was riding along one day on horseback, he saw two men, each with a heavy load of wood upon his sled. One of the horses of the team behind becoming very obstinate, a variety of ways were tried to make him draw, but without avail. He would pull backwards so as to prevent the other horse from drawing. After coaxing, whipping, &c., in vain, the following method was very successfully tried. A stout rope was made fast to the obstinate animal's tail, and then passed under his belly in such a way as to pass between both the hind and the fore legs, and the other end was made fast to the front team. When all was ready, the horses of the front team were started, and no horse, I will venture to say, ever pulled better. Let others try the same method, and they may be assured, that if it does not work successfully, it is because the animal does not care enough for his tail, to follow it.—*N. E. Farmer.*

**CINDERS FOR PIGS.**—J. J. Mechi, of Triptree Hall, England, has been publishing his experience in fattening swine, and, among other things, he has learned the fact "that pigs are very fond of coal ashes or cinders, and that you can hardly fatten pigs properly on boarded floors without giving them a moderate supply daily, or occasionally." He says: "In the absence of coal ashes, burned clay or brick-dust is a good substitute. If you do not supply ashes they will gnaw or eat the brick walls of their sheds. I have to science to explain the cause of this want. It is notorious that coal dealers, when pigs have access to the coals, are generally successful pig feeders. Those who find that their pigs, when shut up, do not progress favorably will do well to try this plan; a neighbor of mine found that a score of fat pigs consume quite a basket of burned clay ashes daily; we know that there is an abundance of alkali in ashes. I wish some of your practical correspondents would communicate their experience on this matter, and I also want them to state how many pounds of barley meal it takes to make 1 stone (14 pounds) of pork, not dead weight."

**SMUT IN WHEAT.**—EXPERIMENT.—I am a farmer, and reside in a neighborhood where large quantities of spring wheat are raised, which is frequently so affected with smut as to deteriorate its value; consequently the question frequently arises, what is the cause, and the preventive of smut wheat? In order to answer that question, I tried the following experiment, which is only one of many that I am or have been engaged in:—

I prepared the plots of ground exactly alike, and sowed them the same time. No. 1 was sowed with smut wheat, entirely. No. 2, with wheat that had been bruised (having read that that was the cause of smut wheat.) It included all conditions of bruised wheat, from a ground kernel to a perfect one. No. 3 was sowed with wheat that had been rolled in smut until the kernels were all black with it. The kind of wheat used was Canada Club. The result was, that the smut wheat (No. 1) did not grow. No. 2 produced few stalks; but no smut. No. 3 produced one-half smut wheat.

Farmers should experiment.—*Rural New Yorker.*

## HOW TO FATTEN CHICKENS.

We make the following extracts from an article on this subject in the London Cottage Gardener:—

"It is hopeless to attempt to fatten them while they are at liberty. They must be put in a proper coop; and this, like most other poultry apparatuses, need not be expensive. To fatten twelve fowls, a coop may be three feet long, eighteen inches high, and eighteen inches deep, made entirely of bars. No part of it solid—neither top, sides, nor bottom. Discretion must be used according to the sizes of the chickens put up. They do not want room; indeed, the closer they are, the better—provided they can all stand up at the same time. Care must be taken to put up such as have been accustomed to be together, or they may fight. If one is quarrelsome, it is better to remove it at once; as, like other bad examples, it soon finds imitators. A diseased chicken should not be put up."

"The food should be ground coarse, and may either be put in a trough, or on a flat board running along the front of the coop. It may be mixed with water or milk; the latter is better. It should be well slaked, forming a pulp as loose as can be, provided it does not run off the board. They must be well fed three or four times per day—the first time as soon after daybreak as may be possible or convenient, and then at intervals of four hours. Each meal should be as much and more than they can eat up clean. When they have done feeding, the board should be wiped, and some gravel may be spread. It causes them to feed and thrive."

"After a fortnight of this treatment you will have good fat fowls. If, however, there are but four or six to be fatted, they must not have as much room as though there were twelve. Nothing is easier than to allot them the proper space; as it is only necessary to have two or three pieces of wood to pass between the bars and form a partition. This may also serve when fowls are put up at different degrees of fattness. This requires attention, or fowls will not keep fat and healthy. As soon as the fowl is sufficiently fatted it must be killed; otherwise it will still get fat, but it will lose flesh. If fowls are intended for the market, of course they are, or may be, all fatted at once; but if for home consumption, it is better, to put them up at such intervals as will suit the time when they will be required for the table. When the time arrives for killing, whether they are meant for market or otherwise, they should be fasted, without food or water, for fifteen hours. This enables them to be kept for some time after being killed, even in hot weather."

## Useful Receipts.

**CORN BEER.**—Boil one pint of corn, until quite soft, in enough water to cover it well, and pour it into a jar. Add a quart of syrup or good molasses, a pint of sugar, a quart of dried apples, two ounces of pulverized ginger, a cup of solid yeast dissolved in a little warm water, and three gallons of water. Set it in a warm place in winter, and a cool place in summer. It will be fit for use in a day or two.

**PERSIMMON BEER, No. 1.**—It is made as corn beer, with the addition of the persimmons. Locusts added, also, will improve it.

**PERSIMMON BEER, No. 2.**—Take two-thirds of persimmons, and one-third corn meal. Mix them well together, and bake in loaves, till they are firm and hard; they should be slowly, taking care not to burn them. Then take the loaves and throw in a clean tub, and pour on warm water enough to soften them; when all is mashed up, it will be a thin dough. Then add as much boiling water as there is dough; after stirring it sufficiently, strain it through a sieve, and put it into a keg or barrel, and in a day or two it will be fit for use.

**HOW TO RESTORE LETTERS DAMAGED BY WATER.**—Alfred Sime has forwarded to the London Times a recipe for the recovery of writing obliterated by the action of sea-water. The letter so damaged should be lightly once brushed over with diluted muriatic acid, the strength as sold as such at all chemists' shops. As soon as the paper is thoroughly dampened it must be again brushed over with a saturated solution of yellow ferruginate of potash, when immediately the writing appears in a Prussian blue. In this latter operation plenty of the liquor should be employed, and care must be taken that the brush be not used so roughly as to tear the surface of the paper. The letter should then be washed in a basin of clean water and dried first between the folds of blotting paper, and subsequently by holding it before the fire, when the letter is fit for the counting-house. If the letter should be of much permanent value, he recommends it to be carefully sized with a solution of isinglass before being filed; but if the paper has been much rotted, the operation requires care, and should not be done until a notarial copy or photograph has been taken. Where the operation is to be conducted by those having some knowledge of chemistry, a little of the solution of the red ferruginate of potash may be added to the yellow, as in some cases it would render the color more complex.

**CHEESE-MAKING WITHOUT PRESSING.**—It is stated that a man at Parkersburg, Virginia, is successful in making cider by the following process:—He grinds the apples, and fills casks with one end open, the bottom having some sticks and straw, like a loach for ashes. On the pumice he pours as much water as it would field juice by pressure, and that displaces the juice, and sends it to the bottom, from which after two days, it is drawn by opening the faucet, and as the cider is heavier than water, it runs off at first pure. The pumice, too, having affinity for water, absorbs that, which displaces the natural juice, and leaves the pumice quite tasteless. This process may be useful to persons who have a few apples and no cider-mill.

**THE CHARICARI** gives a sketch of a Zouave taking leave of his friends of the camp; he tells them he is going home to get married; to which a chasseur replies, "Ah! you are tired of peace already, are you, and going to war on your own account?"

## The Riddler.

### GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 16 letters.  
My 7, 8, 4, 9, 8, 7, is a town in Missouri.  
My 11, 3, 7, 8, is a river in the west.  
My 9, 10, 3, 9, 10, 2, 12, 6, 9, is a tribe of Indians.  
My 8, 9, 14, 13, 4, 11, 8, is a city in Oregon.  
My 8, 14, 10, 2, 16, 9, is a Southern city.  
My 9, 8, 1, 11, 12, 8, 7, is a bay in North America.  
My 7, 8, 4, 4, 2, 16, is a city in Maine.  
My 6, 12, 8, 4, 16, is a lake in Russia.  
My 9, 8, 12, 14, 11, 8, 13, 2, is a city in South America.  
My 9, 7, 8, 12, 9, 2, 8, is a city in Europe.  
My 5, 2, 12, 6, 9, 8, 2, is a county in Michigan.  
My 7, 8, 4, 4, 6, 12, is a county in Illinois.  
My 9, 14, 6, 7, 8, 4, 14, is a county in Tennessee.  
My whole is the name of one of the Presidents.  
Ellenboro', Va. M. M. W.

### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 10 letters.  
My 6, 4, 5, 2, implies instruction.  
My 9, 4, 1, 2, signifies not any.  
My 4, 3, 1, 7, 5, signifies proprietor.  
My 4, 3, 2, signifies to be indebted.  
My 2, 9, 3, 4, 6, 6, signifies to register.  
My 2, 8, 10, 7, signifies relief from pain.  
My whole is a Southern city. M. M. W.  
Ellenboro', Va.

### RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
Five letters, if correctly placed,  
Will plainly show what I'm based;  
Erase my first and I will tell  
What some men do to "cut a swell."  
Erase my first two, and you'll see  
An insect, smaller than a bee.  
My first and fourth erase, and read  
What proves a pest to man indeed;  
Transpose the same if you're a mind,  
And a kind of resin you will find;  
The answer now you'll surely guess,  
If any wit you do possess.  
St. Paris. COWDEN.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
My first do all nurses possess,  
And dandle my second upon it,  
My whole is a part of the dress,  
Attached to the cap or the bonnet.  
ALTON

### RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
More truly valuable am I,  
As visibly is shown,  
Than California's gold could buy—  
Which you at sight must own.  
Of one alone, or else of three,  
You'll fabricate my name;  
Then, even backwards spelling me,  
You'll find me still the same.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
When the shadows of night  
Are dissolved into light  
By the piercing rays of the sun,  
And lost in the streams  
Of those bright beams,—  
My first has fairly begun.  
My second's a weight  
You can place on a scale,  
And strange as it may seem,  
It is a big load  
Upon a good road,  
For any one-horse team.  
My whole is a town  
Of some little renown,  
Found in Ohio's State,  
Which, if you can't guess,  
You'll surely confess.  
That thick indeed is your pate  
St. Paris, O. COWDEN.

### RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
We are little tiny creatures,  
All of different voice and features,  
One of us in glass is set,  
One of us you'll find in jet,  
One of us is to be found in tin,  
One of us a box is in;  
If the last you should pursue,  
Can never fly from you.

### MENSURATION QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
The length of a certain oblong box for the holding of grain, is in the inside 6 inches longer than broad, and 10 inches broader than high, and the diagonal from any of the lower corners (where the three sides meet), to the inner edge of the extreme opposite upper corner, is found to be 8 feet and 4 inches. Required, the solid contents in bushels of grain the said box will hold; the bushel to hold 2150.4223 cubic inches.  
DANIEL DIEFENBACH.  
Kraterville, Snyder Co., Pa.

### MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
A wealthy farmer owns a valuable tract of land whose shape is an exact circle, and has a splendid house in the centre of it. There are two roads running through this farm, and crossing each other at right angles; one of these roads is 600 rods long, and the other is 700 rods long; the distance from the house to the intersection of the two roads, is 200 rods. How many acres does this tract contain?  
Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

### CONUNDRUMS.

**HORRIBLE ATROCITY.**—Why is killing bees like a confession? Ans.—Because you unbanish. **Why is a child reading his alphabet and saying K instead of the next letter, like the air we breathe?** Ans.—Because it is an L he meant (element). **Why is a bare-footed boy like a Greeklander?** Ans.—Because he wears no shoes (Grecian shoes). **When is a family worth tenpence?** Ans.—When it has a Frank (france) in it.

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

**MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.**—Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. ANAGRAMS—Sardinia, Heral, Glasgow, Bristol, Greenland, Utah, Patagonia, Mobile, Lima, America. **MENSURATION QUESTION.**—960 cubic inches—the box being 12 inches long, 10 inches broad, and 8 inches high. **MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.**—28.6235 rods.